

THE NAPANEE

Vol. XLIV] No 2 -E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONT., CANADA

We Wish a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

to every patron and friend of Cheapside, wherever
they may be.

300 Handsome Decorative Novelties to be Given Away on Saturday.

to every purchaser of \$2.00 worth or upwards on
Saturday, we will give one of these handsome Novelties
as long as they last. Having only a limited number to
give you will see the necessity of buying early in
the day.

150 Handsome Fancy Chiffon and other Collars for
Ladies, and

100 Swell New Belts just opened up to-day. Special
for Xmas Trade. Be sure and see our display,
nothing nearly so handsome to be found elsewhere
for Christmas Gifts.

HARDY DRY GOODS CO'Y.

HARDY DRY GOODS CO'Y.

CHEAPSIDE, - NAPANEE.

BLOCKS, SLABS, AND CORDWOOD.

-FOR SALE-

CHAS. STEVENS,
West Side Market.

W. G. WILSON,

BARRISTER,

Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc
P. O. Box 620. Telephone No. 83.

OFFICE - North Side Dundas Street,
Napanee, Ont.

THE - DOMINION - BANK

CAPITAL. Paid up \$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND \$3,000,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$ 475,000

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
DEPOSITS OF \$1.00 AND UPWARDS
RECEIVED.

INTEREST CREDITED THEREON
HALF-YEARLY.

FARMERS' SALE NOTES COLLECTED AND
ADVANCES MADE THEREON.

T. S. HILL, Manager.
Napanee Branch

ALBERT COLLEGE.

Belleville, Ontario
Basi: School Founded 1877.

Practical and thorough. Five complete
courses. Many graduates occupying im-
portant places as book-keepers and short hand
reporters.

\$37.50 per board, room, tuition, electric
light, use of gymnasium and baths, all but
books and laundry, etc., for 10 weeks—
longer time at same rate. Special reduc-
tion to ministers, or to two or more entering
at the same time from same family or place.
A specialist in Book-keeping, who is also an
expert penman, and specialist in shorthand
in constant attendance. The teachers in the
literary department also assist in the work.
The high character of the College is a
guarantee of thoroughness.

Catalogue with specimen of penmanship
FREE.

Students may enter at any time.
address, PRINCIPAL DYER, D.D.
Belleville, Ont.

RE-OPENING!

H. B. McCABE wishes to
announce to the public in general that he has
re-opened his

PAINT SHOP
in Webster & Boyes' Old Stand,
where he will be pleased to greet his
old customers as well as any new ones
who wish any work in his line. All
work done promptly and neatly, such
as TRIMMING, REPAIRING, and
PAINTING.

CHARGES MODERATE.
Consistent with first-class workmanship
A CALL SOLICITED.

FARM FOR SALE.

The east half of the east half of Lot Number
Ten, Third Concession, Township of Rich-
mond, fifty acres more or less. Fifteen acres
woodland. Apply to

H. M. DEROCHE, Solicitor.
461 Napanee.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

That desirable property situate on the corner
Donald and Water Streets, 2 lots, with young
orchard, good well, good fences and first-class
garden land. Good frame house with cellar.

Apply to
E. J. FOLLARD,
Office of this Paper.

S. CASEY DENISON,

Will be pleased to have your
trade in

Groceries, Provisions,
Flour, Feed, Salt, Straw,
Pressed Hay, Etc.
PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Take notice that the partnership heretofore
existing between WILDER JOY and FRANK
H. PERRY doing business as grocers in the
town of Napanee under the name style and
firm of Joy & Perry has this day been dissolved
by mutual consent. That all persons indebted
to the firm are requested to pay the same to
Frank H. Perry, at once by whom all debts due
by the same firm are to be paid. The said
Frank H. Perry will continue the business of
Grocer at the old stand formerly occupied by
the said firm.

WILDER JOY,
FRANK H. PERRY.

Dated the 12th day of December, A. D. 1904.
1st.

All parties indebted to the late firm of Joy
& Perry, Grocers, will please settle their ac-
counts before January 1st, as the books must
be closed.
FRANK H. PERRY.

NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Parliament
of Canada at its next session for an Act to in-
corporate a railway Company under the name
of the "Georgian Bay and Seaboard Railway
Company," with power to construct, operate
and maintain a railway from a point on Geo-
rgian Bay between Point Severn and Penetun-
guishine, in a south-easterly direction through
the counties of Simcoe, Ontario, Victoria,
Peterboro, Hastings, Lennox and Addington,
Frontenac and Lanark, or any of them, to a
point of connection with the Ontario and Que-
bec Railway between Cavanville and Maberly
with such powers as are usually given to Rail-
way companies incorporated by the Parlia-
ment of Canada, and that the said works be
declared to be for the general advantage of
Canada.

ANDREW T. THOMPSON,

Solicitor for Applicants.

Cayuga, 1st December, 1904.

NOMINATION MEETING

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of
Electors of the Township of Richmond
will be held in the Town Hall, Selby, on
the 26th day of December 1904 between the
hours of twelve and one o'clock for the
purpose of nominating candidates for the
offices of Reeve and four councillors, to
represent the said Township of Richmond
for the year 1905. If a greater number of
candidates are nominated than are re-
quired to be elected the Polls will be open-
ed in each of the polling places into which
said Township is divided, on Monday the
2nd day of January 1905, said Polls to
be opened at 9 o'clock in the morning and
to remain open until 5 o'clock in the after-
noon of the same day and no longer.

ABRAM WINTERS,
Clerk.

Selby, Dec. 13th, 1904.

STRAY LAMBS—STRAYED TO THE
premises of R. Hawkins, lot 4, 5th con-
cession, three Lambs. Owner may have same
by calling for them and paying expenses.
2-d R. HAWKINS.

LIQUOR LICENSE NOTICE.

An application has been received asking for
the transfer of the Tavern License for the
Brisco House, in the Town of Napanee, now
held by Mylo Bros., to Harry Mowers, late of
Manitoba. A meeting of the License Com-
missioners for the License District of Lennox
will be held at the office of J. C. Hoffman, Esq.,
in the Town of Napanee, on SATURDAY,
THE 31st DAY OF DECEMBER, INST., at
the hour of two o'clock, for the purpose of con-
sidering the above application.

W. A. ROSE,
Napanee, Dec. 22nd, 1904. License Inspector.

To the Electors of the Town of Napanee.

GENTLEMEN—Upon the solicitations of a
number of friends I have decided to run
for Councillor. If elected I shall do my
best to advance the interests of the town.
As my time, is at present is so fully
occupied, I shall not be able to see you all
personally, but I hope you will consider
this a personal request and give me your
vote and influence at the coming election.
Wishing you the compliments of the
season, I am Yours truly,

A E PAUL

Municipal Elections.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Having been
solicited by a large number of ratepayers
of the Town of Napanee, I offer myself as
a candidate for the office of Mayor for the
year 1905, and solicit your vote and in-
fluence. Wishing you the compliments of
the season, I remain

Your Obedient Servant,
W. T. WALLER.

To the Electors of Napanee and Richmond.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have received
the Nomination for County Commissioner
and respectfully solicit your vote and in-
fluence at the election to be held on the
2nd January, 1905. If elected I shall en-
deavour to the best of my ability to
advance the interests of the county and the
district I represent. Wishing you all the
compliments of this festive season.

Sincere's yours,
M C BOGART.

Electors of Napanee.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

I am again asked to be a candidate for
Councillor, and having consented I solicit
your votes and influence. During the past
year I have endeavored to serve you to the
best of my ability, and with a sincere de-
sire to economize wherever it was expedient.
Should I fail to see you I wish you to ac-
cept this as a personal canvass. Wishing
you all the compliments of the season I am

Your Obedient Servant,
HERMAN MENG.

A good line of eye glass, claret, cherry,
champagne, and port glasses and decanters
at
F. CHINNECK'S.

The store of quality.

FROM JAN. 3rd

You may spend a most profitable time in the
free school—The

Frontenac
Business College

Collegiate Building, Barrie and Clergy Streets,
KINGSTON, ONT.

Everything bright, clean and up-to-date.
Thorough course the basis of good results.
Write for particulars.

W. H. SHAW, T. N. STOCKDALE,
Principal. Principal.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

Under and by virtue of a Writ of Execution
issued out of the Seventh Division Court of
the County of Lennox and Addington, and to
me directed and delivered at the suit of
Thomas Evans and against the lands of Mrs.
Mary A. McMullen, I have seized and taken
into execution all the estate, right, title, in-
terest and equity of redemption of the said Mary
A. McMullen, of in and to all and singular
these certain parcels or tracts of land and
premises situate, lying and being in the Town-
ship of Sheffield, in the County of Lennox and
Addington, and being composed of "that part
of lot No. 6, in the 3rd concession of the said
Township of Sheffield, lying east of White
Lake, also that part of the south half of lot No.
7, in the 3rd concession of the Township of
Sheffield aforesaid, lying east of White Lake."
All of which I will offer for sale at my office
in the Court House, in the Town of Napanee,
on SATURDAY, THE 25th DAY OF MARCH
1905.

Geo. D. HAWLEY,
Sheriff Co. Lennox and Addington.
Sheriff's Office, Napanee, Dec. 21st, 1904.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Napanee
Horticultural Society will be held in the
Council Chamber, Napanee, on
WEDNESDAY,

11th DAY OF JANUARY,
1905,

at half past seven o'clock in the evening.

W. S. HERRINGTON, J. E. HERRING,
President. Sec'y.-Treas.

CENTREVILLE.

Nearly everyone in this part are taking
advantage of the snow by drawing firewood
and otherwise preparing for winter.

Several from here attended the cattle
Fair at Croydon on Wednesday.

The Municipal pot has begun to boil.
It is said a full ticket will be presented to
the electors by both political parties.

W. A. Martin and H. A. Baker have
been elected by acclamation as County
Commissioners to represent the Camden-
Newburgh division.

The Provincial Elections are now the
topic of conversation. It is not yet known
who will be the Government candidate—
till after the Convention at Harrowmuth
on Thursday.

Quite a number of electors from this
vicinity attended the meeting at Napanee
on Tuesday evening and heard the Hon.
G. W. Ross discuss the issues at present
before the people of Ontario.

Our stores are doing a rushing business.
Great preparations are being made for
Christmas Holidays.

Hockey sticks, skates, pucks, jack knives
carving sets, nut picks, scissors &c. All
good Christmas gifts at
GREY LION HARDWARE.

THE FREE PRESS.

\$1 per Year in advance: \$1.50 if not so paid.

WEDNESDAY—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, 1904

PREMIER ROSS AT NAPANEE

Rousing Demonstration in the Opera House

Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, addressed a large gathering of the electors at the opera house, Tuesday evening. The weather conditions were decidedly unfavorable, but nevertheless that did not prevent the hall from being packed, and no doubt had the weather not been strong and blustering many would have been sorely disappointed as they would have been unable to gain admittance. Even under the adverse conditions there was standing room only. A large Union Jack flag was was tastefully arranged overhead the stage and the following mottoes adorned the walls: "A Hearty Welcome to the Premier of Ontario."

"Thirty years of pure and Progressive Government"

"Ross and Continued Progress and Prosperity."

Among those on the platform were: Messrs. D. W. Allison, ex-M. P.; M. S. Madole, the Liberal candidate; E. J. B. Pense, member for Kingston in the last Legislature, and the candidate this time; F. F. Miller, J. C. Hardy, T. B. German, and Chas. Stevens. Among the ladies on the platform were: Mrs. Dibb, Mrs. Herrington, Mrs. F. F. Miller, Mrs. (Dr.) Leonard and Miss Leonard, Mrs. W. J. Flach, Miss Wright, Miss Minnie Grange, Mrs. Chas. Stevens, Miss Cairner, Mrs. Cairnes-Smith, Mrs. T. G. Gibbard, Mrs. Hardy, Miss Hardy and Mrs. (Dr.) Ward.

THE CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

Mr. W. S. Herrington, Secretary of the Lennox Reform Association, in opening the meeting referred to the fact that this was the opening of the local campaign, for the Province. He announced the President of the association was unable to be present at the meeting, owing to a professional call and in that gentleman's absence he had been requested to preside. His reference to the presence of the Premier was received with applause, which was renewed at every mention of Mr. Ross' name by the speakers.

MR. E. J. B. PENSE.

Mr. E. J. B. Pense, member for Kingston in the last Legislature, and the candidate this time, said Lennox had been a close fighting ground, and if there was anything the Liberals liked it was a good, close, hard fight, and they usually won. He was sure the Liberal candidate would worthily represent the riding. He referred to the mottoes on the walls, and said that as one who had sat behind Mr. Ross in the Legislature he could endorse all that was there said. (Applause) Those who came from the Legislative halls were anxious and willing to follow Mr. Ross as long as he was willing to lead. Liberals to-day felt they had to go battle with an insidious foe, but they were united as never before, and were never better organized for the fight. He referred to the financial administration of the Ross Government, and concluded by alluding to a newspaper accusation that Mr. Ross was cognizant of the ballot-box fraude, a suggestion which the speaker warmly resented.

to the species of warfare that has been waged against you. I can assure you of the faithful support of the Liberals of Lennox. We sincerely hope that you will long be spared to carry out the noble work that you now have in hand. Wishing you unbounded success in the present campaign and all the compliments of the season."

SYNOPSIS OF SPEECH.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross was enthusiastically cheered when he stepped forward to reply to the address. His opening words were expressive of thanks to the little lady who had so gracefully presented him with a bouquet. Next he thanked the Chairman for the very flattering address which he had presented to him. "It does," said Mr. Ross amid cheers, "somewhat sweeten the—what shall I say?—the torture, or it allays the torture of public life a little now and again to have pleasant things said about you. References have been made to the many unkind or to the many fierce attacks that have been made upon me. I do not worry much about that. It is part of the game. Every leader has to submit to it whether he likes it or not."

The Premier then presented a magnificent record of business administration compared with Conservative inaction and blundering obstruction.

The contrast was applied with all of Mr. Ross' old-time vigor, with special reference to the great work of building up Ontario, which now more than ever lies at the door of whatever Government may be in power. The ringing periods of his opening speech, his frequent dashes of humor and ironical thrusts at his opponents, his masterly and impartial review of the attitude of the two parties respecting corruption, and his optimistic views of the great Province, were in the Premier's best style, and his steady maintenance of vigor during a two hours' address should give hope to every liberal for a brilliant and active campaign.

The audience sat, with the closest attention, intact to the last, and frequently manifested their approval by loud cheers. The Premier's speech was marked by an introduction of considerable new material. In beginning he boldly challenged criticism of his position and record, and then spoke of the great necessity of building up Ontario with special reference to the industries at Sault Ste. Marie, which the Government had been instrumental in restoring. Mr. Whitney's unprogressive record in the House was put under the searchlight, and then the Premier discussed frankly the two records in regard to corruption. He expressed his greatest sorrow for the acts of certain Liberals, but pointed out that he should not be responsible for the acts of every one of the 225,000 voting Liberals in Ontario, any more than Rev. Dr. Carman could for every Methodist who went to the theatre or played cards. "It is grossly, cruelly untrue and false that I have any guilty knowledge of these corrupt practices," Mr. Ross declared with all the energy and emphasis that he could command. The Conservative platform, as

THE BEST..... OYSTERS

AT—

J. F. SMITH'S.

DRY MILLWOOD FOR SALE

Also Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Salt and Portland Cement.

COAL FOR Stoves, Furnaces and Grates, Steam Purposes and Blacksmiths' use.

The Rathbun Co. R. B. SHIPMAN, Agent.

PERSONALS

Misses Eliza and Laura Armstrong left this week to spend the winter in the Catskill Mountains and New York, with their brother.

Miss Edith Dafeo, Toronto Conservatory of Music, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dafeo.

Mrs. L. T. Parks, Hay Bay, is spending the holidays with her parents in Prince Edward County.

Mr. R. Hawkins, Hinch, was a caller at our office on Friday.

Mr. Alex Hazlett, Adolphustown was a caller on the Express on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rikley, Bath were in town on Wednesday.

Mr. John Hambly, of McDonald, was a caller at this office on Saturday.

B. F. Dennison, of Selby, gave us a call Saturday.

Mr. J. S. Hulett returned home on Monday, after a lengthy stay in the States.

Invitations are out for the Young Bachelor's Annual ball to be held in the town hall on Thursday, December 29th.

Mr. Nathaniel Wilson, Marlbank spent Sunday and Monday in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Cranston, Miss Cranston and Walter Axford spent Wednesday in Deseronto.

Mr. Edward Grange arrived in town on Thursday, on vacation from Toronto College.

Miss Gladys Grange came home Thursday to spend the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Grange, John street.

Harry and Arthur Daly are home from Toronto for the Xmas vacation.

Mrs. Alex Smith arrived home Tuesday after a month's visit in Montreal and Ottawa. Master Alex Barker accompanied her.

Master Otto Dempsey left on Tuesday for his home at Kaladar, to spend the Xmas holidays.

Miss M. Allison, Oshawa, is spending the Xmas holidays at her home in Adolphustown.

Mr. John Armstrong left to day (Friday) for a two weeks stay at Cobourg and Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fairbairn, Belleville, are visiting at Mr. Garrison's, near Roblin.

Miss Jessie Lane spent last Sunday in Deseronto.

Miss Harris leaves to day to spend the holidays at her home in Durham.

Master Warner Lang, Toronto, who has been suffering from a very severe attack of typhoid fever is recovering.

Mrs. Dr. Eakins, and Master Gray Eakins, will spend Christmas with Mrs. Sidney Warner.

Mr. B. Gillespie, will spend Xmas at his home in Peterborough.

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Lockwood leave tomorrow to spend Xmas in Belleville.

Messrs. Harry Scott and Will Pruyn, McGill College, Montreal, are home for the holidays.

Rev. and Mrs. Emsley and family will spend Christmas in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. VanRensselaer

TO OUR MANY FRIENDS.

A Merry Xmas

--and a--

Happy New Year

The Song of Christmastide.

Mr. Ross was cognizant of the ballot-box frauds, a suggestion which the speaker warmly resented.



MR. M. S. MADOLE.

Mr. M. S. Madole, Liberal candidate in Lennox, was introduced as the gentleman who had been elected at the last election, but was not allowed to take his seat. Mr. Ross, Mr. Madole said, was the best abused man in the Province of Ontario, if not in the Dominion. He believed the people would express a favorable opinion on Jan. 25th. Answering a charge by his opponent, Mr. Madole said he was strongly opposed to bonuses in older Ontario, and was in favor of the Government building and owning railways in new Ontario, and leasing if necessary for operation. The Government had expended many millions of dollars and not one dollar that has been expended by that "corrupt" Government, as the Opposition said, had been misappropriated. (Cheers) Mr. Madole spoke vigorously in favor of higher taxation of railways and in favor of a reduction of the indemnity of the members of the Legislature, and in the presence of the Premier he desired to say the House had overstepped the mark when they made the increase to \$1000. He failed to see how the late member who had never said or done anything in the House that he could see, had earned his \$1000 a session. So, too, he believed the members of the Dominion House received more than they earned.

ONTARIO'S GRAND OLD MAN.

Mr. Herrington recalled a time twelve years ago when he had introduced to a Napanee audience the then Grand Old Man of Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat, who was also greatly abused by the Opposition. To day they had another Grand Old Man of Ontario, who was also the subject of great abuse by the Conservatives, but in whom Liberals had great faith, who they believed would be returned to power to rule the Province as wisely as it has been ruled in the past.

Little Miss Dibb, daughter of Rev. F. Dibb, presented a beautiful bouquet to the Premier.

Mr. Herrington then read and presented to the Premier the following address:—"Honorable George W. Ross, Premier of Ontario: Honorable Sir,—On behalf of the Reform Association of Lennox I wish to extend you a hearty welcome to this historic old riding. For upwards of twenty years you have devoted your talents towards the building up of your beloved Province, and in return that province has bestowed upon you the highest gift in its power. During this long period of faithful service you have in private life set a worthy example to all classes and creeds, and have won for yourself the love and esteem of all who have been privileged to know you. Your public life has been equally pure and praiseworthy, and I wish to assure you that the scurrilous attacks that at the present time are being so unjustly made upon you have but aroused the indignation of the better class of this community. We admire the manly attitude that you have pursued, and are proud of the fact that you have declined to resort

3 packages Diamond, Turkish, Standard or Rexall Dyes for 25c at
WALLACE'S Drug Store.

Try The Plaza Barber Shop for good class up to date work. We want your custom and will do your work to please you The Plaza. A. WILLIS.

==and a==

Happy New Year

The Song of Christmastide.

There came a sweet refrain to earth
Once in the far-off years
Whence all of melody has birth
In the celestial spheres:
Wafted on midnight silence wide
It ushered in the Christmastide.

The angel choir with deep desire
That searched Heaven's mystery of love,
Now rapturous, swept each golden lyre
Till thrilled the vaulted skies above
As through the gates of glory wide
They passed to earth that Christmas tide.

Happy ye hills that heard that night.
The cadence softly stealing;
Ye shining seraphim of light
Good-will to men revealing:
Happy ye shepherds who did bide
In Bethlehem's fields that Christmas tide!

And Bethlehem that slumbered so
While angel harps were swelling,
Ah! little, surely did ye know,
What angel tongue was telling,
That He had come, in you to bide
The Prince of Peace, that Christmas tide.

O starry host! in song that broke
To hail a new creation,
With cherub chant, ye must have woke
To join the jubilation,
And "Glory in the highest" cried
Exultingly, that Christmastide.

Sweet song of Songs! that 'midst the strife,
The care, the sin, keeps ringing,
Ah! would that hearts with passion rife,
Might heed your message, winging,
Peace and goodwill would come to bide
And bless the world, this Christmas tide.

A. L. O. O.

adopted at the conference was scathingly criticized and shown to be largely stolen, and of their temperance plank it was said: "It is as colorless as a white ray of light and not so pure." The meeting was most satisfactory from a Liberal standpoint, and gives every promise that Mr. Madole will this time win and hold the honors of which he was unjustly deprived in 1902. The meeting was brought to a close by three rousing cheers for the King, the Premier and Mr. Madole.

His Interpretation.

Little Anzi (who has an inquiring mind)—Uncle Tim, I saw the word in the newspaper. What is the "curriculum" of a college? Uncle Timrod (promptly)—Curriculum, eh? Why, that's what them ere wee-headed college students comb their hair with—Exchange.

A Visionary.

Renfield—So you think he is trying to accomplish too much in literature? Merritt—Yes; he is trying to make a living in it.

DENBIGH.

The nomination of Candidates for Members of next year's Municipal Council for the Municipality of Denbigh, Abinger and Ashby, was held at the Orange Hall on Monday last. Although not many Ratepayers were present, those who were there enjoyed a lively time. Two full sets were nominated, but one name was withdrawn, leaving the names of two Candidates for the Reeve ship, and seven for Councilors, to grace the ballot.

The new organ purchased by the Lutheran Congregation for their Church has arrived and will be used the first time at the Christmas Services.

Sleighting is excellent now and a number of our neighbors are away to Renfrew, making their holiday purchases.

C. Falk of Arnprior was the guest of his brother, Ferdinand Falk here, and bought a span of nice coats from the latter.

Charles Marquardt, of Raglan, paid a short visit to friends in the vicinity.

Miss Clara Fritsch, who has been seriously sick for some time, is reported to be very low and her brother George, of Renfrew, has been sent for.

Mr. K. W. Bradshaw, for nearly two years Principal of our village school has left us a couple of weeks before the close of his term and our scholars enjoy half a months extra vacation. A successor for next year has already been engaged.

Some beautiful china just in, as well as a grand range of choice wear now ready for inspection for Xmas gifts.

F. CHINNECK'S.
The store of quality.

Get it at WALLACE'S, (The Red Cross Drug Store) then it's Good.

Mr. B. Gillespie, will spend Xmas at his home in Peterborough.
Mr. I. F. Lockwood leave tomorrow to spend Xmas in Belleville.
Messrs. Harry Scott and Will Pruyn, McGill College, Montreal, are home for the holidays.
Rev. and Mrs. Emsley and family will spend Christmas in Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. VanEvery are expected here this evening to spend Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Templeton.

Mr. McNaughton, of the Dominion bank, and Mr. F. H. Fisher of the Merchant's bank will spend Christmas in Newcastle.

Dr. and Mrs. Lockridge, Belleville, and Mr. G. E. Hall, Montreal will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hall.

Miss Hewitt, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Hill left for her home in Orilla on Wednesday.

Mr. G. A. Harvey, of the Hardy Co will spend Xmas in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell and two daughters are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daly.

Mr. Frank Grieves is home from the West where he has spent the past year or so. He remarks that he likes it fine out there, and will go back again in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Gates, of Winnipeg, are spending the Xmas holidays in town. They will return to Winnipeg next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Lawson, Deseronto, were guests of Mrs. A. Wilson on Sunday.

Horse blankets, cutters, bells, snow shovels, ash sifters, cross cut saws, axes and hand made handles cheap at
GREY LION HARDWARE.

EYVEL—CHATTERSON—At the Western Methodist Parsonage, on Thursday, Dec. 15th, 1904 by Rev. Real, Mr. Chas. D. Eyvel, to Miss Edith G. Chatterson, both of Napanee.

WINTERS—JACKSON—On the 14th, inst., at the home of the bride, by the Rev. Rich. Duke, Thomas W. Winters, to Libby A. daughter of Irvin Jackson, all of Richmond.

Call and see our beautiful china in Limoges, Old Greek a beautiful new ware, Wedgwood in new shades never seen before here, black and decorated black.
F. CHINNECK'S, JEWELRY STORE.

Clean your teeth with WALLACE'S Carbolec Tooth Powder—Dentists use it themselves.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

A Stylish Street Boot.



Kibo Kid, Patent Tip. Welted Sole, Extension Edge, Medium Heel.

Exact Reproduction of this Style Shoe.

LONG RUBBER BOOTS REDUCED TO \$3.50.

The Famous K. K. only \$4.00.

WILSON & BRO.,

Stylish Slippers, 15c. to \$1.50.

Felt Boots at Purse-Pleasing Prices

Rubber Sale Saturday

Not Punched or 2nd Quality, but the Best A-1 Goods.

The Price of Liberty

OR, A MIDNIGHT CALL

CHAPTER XXIX.

Chris gave Henson one swift searching glance before her eyes dropped demurely to the ground. Lord Littimer appeared to be taking no heed of anything but his own annoyance. But quick as Chris had been, Henson was quicker. He was smiling the slow, sad smile of the man who turns the other cheek because it is his duty to do so.

"And when does Dr. Bell arrive?" he asked.

"He won't arrive at all," Littimer said, irritably. "Do you suppose I am going to allow that scoundrel under my roof again? The amazing impudence of the fellow is beyond everything. He will probably reach Moreton Station by the ten o'clock train. The drive will take him an hour, if I choose to permit the drive, which I don't. I'll send a groom to meet the train with a letter. When Bell has read that letter he will not come here."

"I don't think I should do that," Henson said, respectfully.

"Indeed! You are really a clever fellow. And what would you do?"

"I should suffer Bell to come. As a Christian I should deem it my duty to do so. It pains me to say so, but I am afraid that I cannot contravert your suggestion that Bell is a scoundrel. It grieves me to prove any man that. And in the present instance the proofs were overpowering. But there is always a chance—a chance that we have misjudged a man on false evidence."

"False evidence! Why, the Rembrandt was actually found in Bell's portmanteau."

"Dear friend, I know it," Henson said, with the same slow, forgiving smile. "But there have been cases of black treachery, dark conspiracies that one abhors. And Bell might have made some stupendous discovery regarding his character. I should see him, my lord; oh, yes, I should most undoubtedly see him."

"And so should I," Chris put in, swiftly.

Littimer smiled, with all traces of his ill-temper gone. He seemed to be contemplating Henson with his head on one side, as if to fathom that gentleman's intentions. There was just the suspicion of contempt in his glance.

"In the presence of so much goodness and beauty I feel quite lost," he said. "Very well, Henson, I'll see Bell. I may find the interview diverting."

Henson strolled away with a sigh of gentle pleasure. Once out of sight he flew to the library, where he scribbled a couple of telegrams. They were carefully worded and related to some apocryphal parcel required without delay and calculated to convey nothing to the lay mind. A servant was dispatched to the village with them. Henson would have been anything but pleased had he known that the fascinating little American had waylaid his messenger and read his telegrams under the plea of verifying one of the addresses. A moment or two later and those addresses were carefully noted down in a pocket-book.

It was past five before Chris found herself with a little time on her hands again. Littimer had kept her pretty busy all the afternoon, partly because there was so much to do, but partly from the pleasure that he derived from his secretary's society. He was more free with her than he had been with any of her sex for years. It was satisfactory, too, to know that the time she was spending

from the burning, and that he had only recently come over to the side of the angels. The whole time he spoke he never met Chris's glance once. The chaplain of a convict prison would have turned from him in disgust. Henson was obviously ill at ease. In his suave, diplomatic way he contrived to manoeuvre Merritt off the ground at length.

"An excellent fellow," he said, with exaggerated enthusiasm. "It was a great day for us when we won over James Merritt. He can reach a class which hitherto we have not touched."

"He looks as if he had been in gaol," Chris said.

"Oh, he has," Henson admitted, candidly. "Many a time."

Chris deemed it just possible that the unpleasant experience might be endured again, but she only smiled and expressed herself to be deeply interested. The uneasiness in Henson's manner gradually disappeared. Evidently the girl suspected nothing. She would have liked to have asked a question or two about Mr. Merritt's thumb, but she deemed it prudent not to do so.

Dinner came at length, dinner served in the great hall in honor of the recently arrived guest, and set up in all the panoply and splendor that Littimer affected at times. The best plate was laid out on the long table. There were banks and coppices of flowers at either corner, a huge palm nodded over silver and glass and priceless china. The softly shaded electric lights made pools of amber flame on fruit and flowers and gleaming crystal. Half-a-dozen big footmen went about their work with noiseless tread.

Henson shook his head playfully at all this show and splendor. His good humor was of the elephantine order, and belied the drawn anxiety of his eyes. Luxurious and peaceful as the scene was, there seemed to Chris to be a touch of electricity in the air, the suggestion of something about to happen. Littimer glanced at her admiringly. She was dressed in white satin, and she had in her hair a single diamond star of price.

"Of course, Henson pretends to condemn all this kind of thing," Littimer said. "He would have you believe that when he comes into his own plate and wine will be sold for the benefit of the poor, and the seats of the mighty filled with decayed governesses and antiquated shop-walkers."

"I hope that time may long be deferred," Henson murmured.

"And so do I," Littimer said, drily, "which is one of the disadvantages of being conservative. By the way, who was that truculent-looking scoundrel I saw with you this afternoon?"

Henson hastened to explain. Littimer was emphatically of opinion that such visitors were better kept at a distance for the present. When all the rare plate and treasures of Littimer Castle had been disposed of for philanthropic purposes it would not matter.

"There was a time when the enterprising burglar got his knowledge of the domestic and physical geography of a house from the servants. Now he reforms, with the great advantage that he can lay his plan of campaign from personal observation. It is a much more admirable method, and tends to avert suspicion from the actual criminal."

"You would not speak thus if you knew Merritt," said Henson.

two ways of escape. If we could have despoiled Bell of his picture it would have been utterly useless for him to have come here. He would have gone back preferring to accept defeat to arriving with a cock-and-bull story to the effect that he had been robbed of his treasure on the way. And so he got the best of you, eh?"

"Rather! I fancied that I was pretty strong, but—well, it doesn't matter. Here I am with the tools, and I ain't going to fail this time. Before Bell comes the little trap will be ready and you will be able to prove an alibi."

Henson chuckled hoarsely. He loved dramatic effect, and here was one to hand. He almost fancied that he could see the white outline of Chris's figure from where he stood.

"Get along," he said. "There is no time to lose."

Merritt nodded and began to make his way upward. Some way above him Chris was looking down. Her quick ear had detected some suspicious sound. She watched eagerly. Just below her the big electric light on the castle tower cast a band of flame athwart the cliff. Chris looked down steadily at this. Presently she saw a hand uplifted into the belt of flame, a hand grasping for a ledge of rock, and a quickly stifled cry rose to her lips. The thumb on the hand was smashed flat, there was a tiny pink nail in the centre.

Chris's heart gave one quick leap, then her sense came back to her. She needed nobody to tell her that the owner of the hand was James Merritt. Nor did she require any fine discrimination to perceive that he was up to no good. That it had something to do with the plot against Bell she felt certain. But the man was coming now, he could only reach the top of the cliffs just under the wall where she was standing. Chris peered eagerly down into the path of light until the intruder looked up. Then she jerked back, forgetting that she was in the darkness and absolutely invisible. The action was disastrous, however, for it shook Chris's diamond star from her head, and it fell gently almost at the feet of the climber. An instant later and his eyes had fallen upon it.

"What luck," he cried hoarsely. "I suppose that girl yonder must have dropped it over. Well, it is as good as a couple of hundred pounds to me, anyway. Little missie, you'd better take a tearful farewell of your lumps of sugar, as you'll never see them again."

To Chris's quivering indignation he slipped the star into his breast-pocket. Just for the moment the girl was on the point of crying out. She was glad she had refrained a second after, for a really brilliant thought occurred to her. She had never evolved anything more clever in her life, but she did not quite realize that as yet.

Nearer and nearer the man with the maimed thumb came. Chris stepped back into the shadow. She waited till the intruder had slipped past her in the direction of the castle and prepared to follow at a discreet distance. Whatever he was after, she felt sure he was being ordered and abetted by Reginald Henson. Two minutes, five minutes, elapsed before she moved.

What was that? Surely a voice somewhere near her moaning for help. Chris stood perfectly still listening for the next cry. Her sense of humanity had been touched, she had forgotten Merritt entirely. Again the stifled cry for help came.

"Who are you?" Chris shouted.

"And where are you?"

"Henson," came the totally unexpected reply. "I'm down below on a ledge of rock. No, I'm not particularly badly hurt, but I dare not move."

Chris paused for a moment, utterly bewildered. Henson must have been on the look-out for his accomplice, she thought and had missed his footing and fallen. Pity he had not fallen a little farther, she murmured, bitterly, and broken his neck. But this was only for a moment, and her sense of justice and humanity speed-

THE TRAITOR

The hills were growing dark, and the forests of the Valley of Auvergne merged into the greater purple shadows behind them, when a man came running heavily from the pass that leads from Lisse. Scarcely looking to right or left, he kept on till he reached the fringe of the little wood of St. Anne, and passing into the first shade of the larch trees he threw himself face downward panting upon the ground.

He was a big-limbed, powerful man of forty, made for feats of strength rather than fleetness of foot. A short, rough beard hid, one felt instinctively, a stern, strong chin, but under their roof of bushy brows the brown eyes were a puzzled look, as though they gazed upon strange things that the dense brain behind failed utterly to understand.

Presently his breathing grew easier. He rolled over and stared up through the trees. Two hours past sunset! He had come those twelve miles quickly, but five hours' absence from Auvergne was too long just now. Some of the Hussars who rode in would have been quartered on his farm: four hours ago—and the master away! He leapt to his feet, brushed the white dust from his trousers, and wiped his heated face and neck with his blue blouse sleeve. A few paces deeper into the wood a large hollow, leaf-covered, was formed between two great roots, and from this he drew a pair of sabots and a cap. Into one of the former he thrust for safety a torn, grimy paper, and putting the shoes on made his way through the trees to the village that lay beyond.

As he drew near he heard movement and voices—the cries and noises of men feeding and grooming horses, and now and then the clank of arms and the staccato tones of an officer giving an order.

One or two looked up from their work as he passed and a sergeant eyed him closely, but he crossed the farmyard unchallenged. He was merely a peasant-farmer of Auvergne, and not even the sharpest-eyed Hussar could see the Prussian passport in the toe of his wooden shoe.

By the doorway he stood for a moment and watched. Whoever was quartered on his farm, Pierre Fouquier thought sourly, would get bad fare to-night. The third regiment in the village in ten days, the cattle driven, and the fields and orchards wrecked. War is ruin to a farmer, unless he can turn it to account. One must do something to live.

He strode into the kitchen, and the white boards of the table were laid with plates and mugs and scanty, coarse food. It gave him a twinge of conscience, for the French peasant is hospitable and a guest is sacred. But he flung his cap on a chair and swore sullenly. "They come like locusts and take the bread and meat from our mouths. They must take what else comes, too."

"—died like brave soldiers. So Marshal Bazaine falls back on Metz, you see, my mother and cousin, here, and the Prussians are—"

A voice from the inner room rose clearly through a lull in the noises of the yard and fell again to an indistinct murmur.

Fouquier's heart leapt at the sound and then sank like the voice.

It was his brother Eugene, drawn in the conscription of '63, of whom they had heard nothing since the war began. That he should be here of all places on this night!

The voice murmured on, for within the room Eugene sat between his mother and cousin, Mariette, explaining the course of the war as he knew it. Even his enthusiasm could not claim great deeds for the many Army Corps that France had so confidently massed upon the Prussian

as. A moment or two later and those addresses were carefully noted down in a pocket-book.

It was past five before Chris found herself with a little time on her hands again. Littimer had kept her pretty busy all the afternoon, partly because there was too much to do, but partly from the pleasure that he derived from his secretary's society. He was more free with her than he had been with any of her sex for years. It was satisfactory, too, to learn that Littimer regarded Henson as a smug and oily hypocrite, and that the latter was only going to be left Littimer Castle to spite the owner's other relations.

"Now you run into the garden and get a blow," Littimer said at length. "I am telling you a lot too much. I am afraid you are a most insinuating young person."

Chris ran out into the garden gaily. Despite the crushing burden on her shoulders she felt an elation and a flow of spirits she had not been conscious of for years. The invigorating air of the place seemed to have got into her veins, the cruel depression of the House of the Silent Sorrow was passing away. Again she had hope and youth on her side, and everything was falling out beautifully. It was a pleasanter world than Chris had anticipated.

She went along more quietly after a time. There was a tiny arbour on a terrace overlooking the sea to which Chris had taken a particular fancy. She picked her way daintily along the grass paths between the roses until she suddenly emerged upon the terrace. She had popped out of the roses swiftly as a squirrel peeps from a tree.

Somebody was in the arbour, two people talking earnestly. One man stood up with his back to Chris, one hand gripping the outside ragged bark of the arbour frame with a peculiarly nervous, restless force. Chris could see the hand turned back distinctly. A piece of bark was being crumbled under a strong thumb. Such a thumb! Chris had seen nothing like it before.

It was as if at some time it had been smashed flat with a hammer, a broad, strong, cruel-looking thumb, flat and sinister-looking as the head of a snake. In the centre, like a pink pearl dropped in a filthy gutter, was one tiny, perfectly-formed nail.

The owner of the thumb stepped back the better to give way to a fit of hoarse laughter. He turned slightly aside and his eyes met those of Chris. They were small eyes set in a coarse, brutal face, the face of a criminal. Chris thought, if she were a judge of such matters. It came quite as a shock to see that the stranger was in clerical garb.

"I—I beg your pardon," Chris stammered. "But I—"

Henson emerged from the arbour. For once in a way he appeared composed, there was a flush on his face that told of annoyance ill suppressed.

"Please don't go away," he said. Mr. Merritt will think that he has alarmed you. Miss Lee, this is my very good friend and co-worker in the field, the Reverend James Merritt."

"Is Mr. Merritt a friend of Lord Littimer's?" Chris asked, demurely.

"Littimer hates the cloth," Henson replied. "Indeed, he has no sympathy whatever with my work. I met my good friend quite by accident in the village just now, and I brought him here for a chat. Mr. Merritt is taking a well-earned holiday."

Chris replied graciously that she didn't doubt it. She did not deem it necessary to add that she knew that one of Mr. Henson's mystic telegrams had been addressed to one James Merritt at an address in Moreton Wells, a town some fifteen miles away. That the scoundrel was up to no good she knew perfectly well.

"Your work must be very interesting," she said. "Have you been in the Church long, Mr. Merritt?"

Merritt said hoarsely that he had not been in the Church very long. His dreadful grin and fog voice suggested that he was a brand plucked

for philanthropic purposes it would not matter.

"There was a time when the enterprising burglar got his knowledge of the domestic and physical geography of a house from the servants. Now he reforms, with the great advantage that he can lay his plan of campaign from personal observation. It is a much more admirable method, and tends to avert suspicion from the actual criminal."

"You would not speak thus if you knew Merritt," said Henson.

"All the same, I don't want the privilege," Littimer smiled. "A man with a face like that couldn't reform; nature would resent such an enormity. And yet you can never tell. Physically speaking, my quondam friend Hatherly Bell has a perfect face."

"I confess I am anxious to see him," Chris said. "I—I heard him lecture in America. He had the most interesting theory about dogs. Mr. Henson hates dogs."

"Yes," Henson said, shortly. "I do and they hate me, but that does not prevent my being interested in the coming of Dr. Bell. And nobody hopes more sincerely than myself that he will succeed in clearly vindicating his character."

Littimer smiled sarcastically as he trifled with his claret glass. In his cynical way he was looking forward to an interview with a certain sense of amusement. And there was a time when he had enjoyed Bell's society immensely.

"Well, you will not have long to wait now," he said. "It is long past ten and Bell is due at any moment after eleven. Coffee in the balcony, please."

It was a gloriously warm night, with just a faint suspicion of a breeze on the air. Down below the sea beat with a gentle sway against the cliffs; on the grassy slopes a belated lamb was bleating for its dam. Chris strolled quietly down the garden with her mind at peace for a time. She had almost forgotten her mission for the moment. A figure slipped gently past her on the grass, but she utterly failed to notice it.

"An exceedingly nice girl, that," Littimer was saying, "and distinctly amusing. Excuse me if I leave you here—a tendency to argue and English night air don't blend together."

CHAPTER XXX.

It was the very moment that Henson had been waiting for. All his listlessness had vanished. He sprang to his feet and made his way hurriedly across the lawn. Dark as it was, he slipped along with the ease of one who is familiar with every inch of the ground. A man half his weight and half his age could have been no more active.

He advanced to what seemed to be the very edge of the cliff and disappeared. There were rocks and grassy knolls which served as landmarks to him. A slip of the foot might have resulted in a serious accident. Above the gloom a head appeared.

"That you, Merritt?" Henson asked, hoarsely.

"Oh, it's me right enough," came the muttered reply. "Good job as I'm used to a seafaring life or I should never have got up those cliffs. Where's the girl?"

"Oh, the girl's right enough. She's standing where she can near the cry of the suffering in distress. You can leave that part of the drama to me. She's a smart girl with plenty of pluck, but all the same I am going to make use of her. Have you got the things?"

"Got everything, pardner. Got a proper wipe over the skull, too."

"How on earth did you manage to do that?"

"Meddling with Bell, of course. Why didn't you let him come and produce his picture in peace? We should have been all ready to flabbergaster him when he did come."

"My good Merritt, I have not the slightest doubt about it. My plans are too carefully laid for them to go astray. But, at the same time, I firmly believe in having more than one plan of attack and more than

"Henson," came the totally unexpected reply. "I'm down below on a ledge of rock. No, I'm not particularly badly hurt, but I dare not move."

Chris paused for a moment, utterly bewildered. Henson must have been on the look-out for his accomplice, she thought and had missed his footing and fallen. Pity he had not fallen a little farther, she murmured, bitterly, and broken his neck. But this was only for a moment, and her sense of justice and humanity speedily returned.

"I cannot see anything of you," she said.

(To be Continued.)

CAPTURED BY CANNIBALS.

British Sailors had Narrow Escape in New Guinea.

Captain Reid, who commanded the Liverpool ship, Aigburth, wrecked off New Guinea, where a number of the crew were seized by cannibals, has arrived in Liverpool.

Captain Reid said that the Aigburth was on a voyage from Newfoundland to Java, when she struck on an unknown reef, and shortly afterwards the crew were compelled to take to the boats. The boat in which he and others were reached Frederick William Land after five days. Two other boats also reached there on other days. The fourth boat, however, had not turned up when he left.

When they landed the natives were very wild, and assumed a threatening demeanor towards the crew. They came down to the beach in large numbers, looked at himself and crew touching them and feeling their arms and limbs to find out what sort of condition they were in. The situation was terrible while it lasted, but all the men kept very cool. The rest of the story, told in Captain Reid's own words, runs:

"I fortunately had with me a gun, and some caps, powder, and shot. I kept eyeing them intently, watching every movement. Then I kept putting something into the gun from time to time, manipulating it in such a manner that the savages soon came to the conclusion that I meant serious business. When they saw what was going on they began to sneak gradually away from us, and eventually they cleared away. We were ultimately taken off by the steamer Guthrie, and landed at Sydney, coming home by the Afric."

The savages were in a fearful condition, socially and morally. They were absolutely naked, the only ornament they possessed being a bone stuck through their nostrils, giving them a most appalling appearance to a stranger. I think that the appetite of these cannibals for fresh meat was stimulated by the absence of all flesh, either of beast or fowl, which scarcely appear to have any existence at all in the country."

FROGS STOP TELEGRAMS.

One of the great enemies of the overland telegraph line in Central Australia is the green frog. In order to save the insulators from being broken by the lightning they are provided with wire "droppers" to conduct on to the pole in case of need. The frogs climb the poles, and find the insulators cool and pleasant to their bodies, and fancy that the "dropper" is put there especially for their edification. After a nap they yawn, and stretch out a leg until it touches the pole. Result—sudden death to the frog; and, as the body continues to conduct the current to the earth, paragraphs appear in the papers to the effect that, "in consequence of an interruption to the lines, probably caused by a cyclone disturbance in the interior, we are unable to present our readers with the usual cables from abroad."

A poem in the mind saves stamps—if it is kept there.

"Too often the stork lights on a man's roof when the wolf is at his door."

sound and then sank like the voice.

It was his brother Eugene, drawn in the conscription of '63, of whom they had heard nothing since the war began. That he should be here of all places on this night!

The voice murmured on, for within the room Eugene sat between his mother and cousin, Mariette, explaining the course of the war as he knew it. Even his enthusiasm could not claim great deeds for the many Army Corps that France had so confidently massed upon the Prussian frontier, and though he suppressed the many rumors of disaster to MacMahon and Bazaine, yet his cousin saw, beneath his optimism, glimpses of as ominous history when it should come to be told in its entirety.

But the mother was content in having her son—one to be proud of; not so tall or sinewy as his brother her elder, yet well set up, trained to a gallant carriage, with a tongue loosened by his intercourse with men. His news was lost in the personality of the teller; great men were moving through the story, but the greatest was her son, who only told of them.

This was the group Pierre saw when he at length pushed open the door, and as he entered there was a rush to him.

"Pierre, my brother!"

"Pierre, my son, Eugene has come home."

But Mariette stood by the table and looked troubled.

The farmer sat down heavily on a chair. "But why are you here, Eugene?" he asked.

"We are on the march to join General Ladmirault at Diedenhofen," replied his brother.

"Why ask, since he is here?" cried the mother. "Ah! if he could only stay for ever!"

Eugene threw his arm round her and kissed her. "Would you have me desert then, mother?" he laughed.

"Ah, no, I could not wish that," Eugene said. "What if you never came back to me!"

"Nonsense, aunt," Mariette cried, coming to her; "you are giving way because you've seen your boy. Now sit down and talk and laugh while Pierre has his meal. He's hungry—but I'm afraid there isn't much for you, cousin," she added, turning to him with a little grimace.

She bustled everyone into place and set Mère Fouquier to cut bread and meat, while the farmer, who said no word, drew a plate to himself and ate.

The soldiers had trooped into the long kitchen, and presently the women went out to see if anything was needed. Then at last Pierre spoke, slowly and hesitatingly.

"This is a dangerous place, Eugene," he said.

The young man looked up and laughed.

"I thought you were never going to speak, Pierre. Why, you've not said you are glad to see me yet. You always were silent, but now—"

His brother smiled uneasily.

"It's this," he said, almost apologetically, nodding to the door. "One can welcome one's own, but the soldiers—they leave little behind them for the mother and cousin. Our own soldiers too; while the Prussians pay with gold. One makes thin soup of patriotism."

"The Prussians! They have not—"

"But one hears," rejoined the elder hastily—"but one hears. They pay for all services, it is said. It is different from our soldiers, and it is hard on us, Eugene. One has to turn to other things than farming to feed those two now."

The Hussar looked grave. Secure of rations, however scanty, in camp and barracks, he had not thought of the fight for existence in his own home.

"It is dangerous here," Pierre repeated, returning to his first thought.

"But they seem well cared for, brother; and as there is something for my comrades, my mother and cousin cannot have starved."

"Starved! No, I see to that," Pierre cried, fiercely.

"Yes, you see to it, whilst I— You are a good son, and will make a good husband to Mariette." The young man's tone grew deeper, and the light carelessness gave place to a depth of feeling he seldom showed. "No wonder they love you, and that our mother speaks of you almost with reverence. You have the hardest part, to stay here and battle with poverty for their sakes. I once fancied Mariette would love me as I— But you are stronger and better than your wild brother. Yes, you will see to them, and Heaven will see they never lose you."

"Umph! one cannot tell what will come down the stream. But one cannot talk about it and smile, or love Fraace or the army over much." And they were both silent. The elder spoke first, like a child reiterating a lesson.

"It is a dangerous place for soldiers, this."

"How do you mean, Pierre?"

"The hills and passes. It would be easy for the Prussians to surprise the village. I do not know but it seems, almost, this place is between the hills—like a trap."

"Leave that to our colonel; he knows. We fought in Algiers."

"Still, it might be if they came from—Liesse, say—from that pass and down by the river from the east—it seems you would be caught between two fires." He leaned forward, looking into his brother's eyes as if eager to impress him with a sense of danger of which he dared not speak openly. "It only needs a regiment of Uhlans over that hill and a dark night such as we shall get."

Eugene laughed indulgently. "But is there a regiment of Uhlans over that hill?" he asked, carelessly.

Pierre opened his mouth to speak hastily and then checked himself. His clenched fist ground upon the table and his brows met. And then his mother and cousin returned.

"Pierre has been trying to fight—en me, mother," laughed Eugene, turning in his chair as they entered, "by showing me how Auvergne is situated if there were a regiment of Prussians at Liesse."

"Prussians? Good heavens!" cried Mère Fouquier, with startled eyes.

"It was nothing," the elder muttered. "I know the place," he added lamely, marking long runs in the table with his thumbnail, "and a word from one who knows it as I do is not amiss. But he is—"

A bugle-call interrupted him and the Hussar caught up his sword. "I shall return in a little while, mother," he said, kissing her as she accompanied him to the door.

Mariette laid her hand upon Pierre's shoulder. "Are there Prussians there?" she whispered.

He started. If he said "Yes," the next question would be, "How do you know?" and he could give no reason for being in Liesse that day and keeping the news secret. So he made a pretence to laugh.

"Not that I know," he answered; "though there may be, since Eugene says they've entered France. But I know nothing. How should I—I, who never go beyond our fields and river?"

"How should you?" she echoed. "But you made me suspect. Ah! think how terrible if it should happen that in his own home, when duty brings him back for a few hours to his mother and—and all of us—Oh! I know it is foolish, but you made me think of it, and—"

Her incoherent speech was broken by choking sobs. The emotions and fatigue of the day had unnerved her, and she was white and trembling.

Her lover sprang to his feet. "Calm yourself, my dear; Eugene is safe. Would I not give my life for him—for all of you? Be brave; go quickly and compose yourself, and don't think such foolish things."

But with a very clouded brow he passed his mother as she returned, and made his way to the stillness of the little wood. When he returned the soldiers were

"With a spy for a brother. For generations our fathers have been true men; there has been no taint in our blood till now."

"Then since you reproach me—what would you have done?"

"Done? Choked the life out of the scoundrel who would tempt me to sell France."

"And our mother and Mariette? What would you have done for them?"

The rage died from the soldier's face and he stood dumb. At last he realized it. He stood in his brother's place. He saw his loved ones growing pale and thin—drooping day by day. What could he have done? And he turned away sick at heart.

Presently, "They—they do not know?" he asked.

"No," answered Pierre, "and they must never know. It would break our mother's heart; it would be worse than all."

Eugene's face was pitifully white and drawn. "Brother, why have you told me this?" he said, sadly.

"Because there is more to come. The pedlar bought me, and so when they called me to-day I went across the hill to Liesse to earn my wages. But I went too soon; before I knew you were among the men I had betrayed."

A cry rang through the cellars. The two men turned as through the archway a girl stumbled, with dilated eyes and ghastly face, her arms outstretched in horror before her. "Mariette!"

Both sprang to her, but she struck the elder fiercely. "Cain!" she cried, and staggering to Eugene burst into sobs.

He caught her in his arms, and felt the slender body shake and quiver against him and the frightened heart beat wildly. Tighter he held her, as if to compel the throbbing to cease. Pierre was larger, and all the dangers that threatened. He clasped in his embrace the woman he loved, and she clung to him as to a lover.

For a moment only—till recollection of the peril came to her, and with a supreme effort she controlled herself.

"Is it true? Is it true?" she implored.

Pierre, with despairing eyes, looked at them in each other's arms. "It is true," he said hoarsely.

"Prussians at Liesse; my comrades in a trap! When is the attack?" cried Eugene.

"An hour before daybreak."

"Then there is time," and he sprang to the archway. But his brother was before him.

"No, not that. I fear me, Eugene. I have thought of it all. That is why I brought you here. You must stay here—"

"Here!"

"Do with me as you like after, but listen. Nothing can stay the Uhlans now, I dare not have your blood upon my head. You must remain here in safety till all is over."

The soldier gazed at him in bewilderment, scarce comprehending.

"For our mother's sake! Will you tell her her son is a traitor?"

"But my comrades—my duty! You would make me a traitor, too!"

"It is she—or the soldiers, who are nothing to me."

Mariette, against the wall in the shadows, breathed quicker as Eugene hesitated. His whole attitude reflected the mental struggle he was enduring. The result—what would it be?

The answer came quickly. He leapt forward and grappled with Pierre, straining every nerve to swing him from his path. A fury of despair and rage was upon him. How dare his brother so entrap him between filial love and soldierly duty—set him to find a way out of the dilemma in which treachery had placed him? But his course was plain. His comrades must not be massacred if he could save them.

But Pierre standing like an oak, scarcely moved beneath the wild onslaught, and slowly the strong peas-

About the ...House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Fruit Wafers.—Mix a cup each of cleaned raisins, figs, dates and nuts and force twice through a meat chopper. Add a few drops of vanilla or lemon juice, then knead until well blended on a board dredged with confectioner's sugar. Roll to one-fourth inch in thickness. Cut into rounds with the top of a salt shaker or into three-quarter-inch blocks with a knife. Roll in granulated sugar and pack in tin boxes between sheets of paraffine paper. Nice for Christmas.

Cake Snowballs.—Make any good cup cake, bake it in small, round, smooth patty-pans. Choose those that after baking have risen so as to be nearly round; ice one-half, let dry, then ice the other; pile on a large platter and put sprigs of red-berried holly between.

Chicken Salad.—Cut the meat from a cold boiled chicken into dice. Measure, and allow half as much celery, cut in small bits, as you have chicken. Mix and moisten with one part vinegar and three parts salad oil, and season with salt and pepper. Prepare a mayonnaise dressing as follows: Into a chilled soup-plate break the yolk of one egg. On this squeeze six or eight drops of lemon juice, and with a silver fork stir with a rotary motion. Begin at once to put in the salad oil, first a few drops at a time, then adding it in larger quantities as the mixture thickens. Season with salt and a pinch of Cayenne. Put in a cup of the oil, then thin with enough vinegar or lemon juice to suit the taste. Line a salad-bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, put in the salad, and cover thin with the thick mayonnaise. Garnish with pieces of hard-boiled egg and with stored and halved olives.

Fried Bologna Sausage.—This is much improved by being dipped first in cracker crumbs. All the slices are to be cooked in "deep fat" and then lifted out. Next put them into a shallow frying-pan and scramble up beaten eggs with them.

Kidney Omelet.—Chopped cold cooked kidney very fine, make an omelet mixture with three eggs, three tablespoonsful of milk, salt and pepper to season, put one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan; when it is melted turn in the mixture, cook slowly until a crust is formed on the bottom; in the meantime, sprinkle over the omelet the chopped kidney and chopped parsley; fold the omelet in half, lift it to a hot platter and serve at once.

Sour Cream Nut Cake.—Two eggs one cup granulated sugar, half a cup rich sour cream, two cups of flour, measure before sifting, half teaspoonful soda, one level teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt. Beat the eggs till whites and yolks are well blended, add sugar; dissolve soda in cream, stirring it then into the eggs and sugar; sift into the mixture the flour, baking powder and salt, and beat well. Bake in three-layer cake tins. Filling—One cup pecan or walnut meats.

Banana Sandwiches.—Among fruit sandwiches, banana takes the lead, and to this a slight variety can be given by spreading each lengthwise slice of fruit with whipped cream rather sparingly. Upon this sprinkle shredded cocoanut, pressing the latter well down with a silver knife. Boston brown-bread thus treated will be excellent.

Apple and Orange Jelly.—Use an equal number of apples and oranges. Wash the apples, slice and core them; put them over the fire in the preserving kettle with enough cold

bed on with a flannel cloth is excellent for keeping the outside of a tin coffee pot and other tinware bright and clean.

The best dressing for burns and scalds is baking soda made into a paste with vaseline, or any soft, unsalted grease; and if put on soon enough will prevent blistering.

When washing with hot suds fails to remove the stains from enameled saucepans, a piece of cut lemon dipped in salt and rubbed over the stain will generally prove effectual.

If the tables, biscuit board and rolling pin are scrubbed at least once a week with a strong, hot pearline suds they may be kept white and clean, and in order to keep them in this condition have the places most used around the table covered with mats, or keep small boards to set the pans and kettles on. These can easily be kept out of sight when they are not in use.

To prepare a new iron kettle for use, fill it with potato parings and water and let them boil for two hours, then wash in hot soap suds, wipe the inside of the kettle perfectly dry and rub it with a little lard. A good way to keep the lamp burners bright is to boil them with potato parings and then wash in hot suds.

CURIOUS DEMONSTRATIONS.

Celebrating a Fall of Rain by a Parade and Church Service.

Not long ago a protracted drought in the Wichita district of Kansas, threatened the inhabitants with enormous loss. Prayers were offered up in various places of worship for a fall of rain, and black clouds were yearned for instead of bright ones.

Before the threatened ruin had been wrought the black clouds came, and the much-needed rain fell in torrents over an area of something like 100 miles. The people went frantic with joy, and in a very few minutes a brass band was parading through the streets, followed by a great crowd singing hymns of thanksgiving and cheering themselves hoarse. Even the factories closed in order that their employes might have the opportunity of standing in the rain until soaked through; and subsequently nearly 1,000 persons attended a special service in the pro-cathedral.

Of the very opposite character was a demonstration reported from Tacoma, in the State of Washington, which is a centre of the salmon-fishing industry, in which Chinamen largely engage. Concerned about the bad prospects of the season, the Celestials held a religious service in the hope of propitiating their "joss" or god, and thus ensuring a period of prosperity. But after a fortnight's praying there was no improvement in the outlook, and angry with themselves for having lost so much time, and still angrier with their "joss" for his callous disregard of their fervent supplications, they tied a rope around him and dragged him from his exalted position in the temple through the streets, where they finally

SMASHED HIM TO ATOMS.

There was a very remarkable feature in a demonstration held by the village clubs and friendly societies of a Gloucestershire district for the benefit of the Stroud Hospital. At Eastington, a village six miles east of the city of Gloucester, England, there resides a Roman noble, Count de Ligri, who claims to be a lineal descendant of the ill-starred House of Stuart, and who was the leading figure in the demonstration.

He was preceded by two standard-bearers, one bearing the blue and white battle-flag of his house and the other the Royal Standard of Scotland. Next came a page-in-waiting and a sword-bearer, and by way of bodyguard the Count himself had a stalwart halberdier on either side of him. The sword and halberds used were stated to have been in the

"Cal'm yourself, my dear; Eugene is safe. Would I not give my life for him—for all of you? Be brave; go quickly and compose yourself, and don't think such foolish things."

But with a very clouded brow he passed his mother as she returned, and made his way to the stillness of the little wood.

When he returned the soldiers were already stretched in their blankets in the out-houses and sheds, and the place had grown silent.

Eugene, alone in the little room, rose and stretched herself.

"We march at daybreak," he remarked, as his brother entered. "If I get no rest I shall fall asleep in the saddle."

Pierre looked away and said, stammeringly, "There is something I must show you before you go, 'Gene.'"

He took down the candle from the high mantel-shelf and, crossing, opened a small oaken door on the opposite side of the room.

"Goodness! What is in the cellars, then? It seems there is some mystery. But don't keep me from my sleep long; I'm too tired to be curious."

And emitting a huge yawn Eugene followed the farmer down the flight of stone steps.

The candle was scarcely needed. Both men knew the cellars well. They ran beneath the big kitchen, their arched brick roofs supporting the stone flags above. They were three in number, with the remains of doors still hanging on the narrow openings between them. The mustiness and damp of disuse pervaded the place, and lumber of all sorts was lying about in disorder.

Pierre led the way to the innermost and smallest cellar, and putting the candlestick upon a pile of timber faced his brother awkwardly.

Eugene broke the silence. "Well; and now for the great secret."

Pierre wetted his dry lips and tried to speak. It was harder than he had thought. Had his brother worn a peasant blouse—but the Hussar uniform! It was the soldier stood before him; one of the regiment he had betrayed.

But Eugene divined nothing of his feelings; he only looked in wonder. "Come," he cried, impatiently, "you said you had something to show me."

Then the farmer stopped and, taking off his sabot, drew from it a torn and grimy paper. He thrust it almost defiantly into the soldier's hand and turned away.

It seemed an hour as he waited for some word—some sign. For the first time he felt the shame of treachery. And the silence was unbroken.

Suddenly Eugene strode forward and laid his hand heavily upon Pierre's shoulder, holding out the paper to him.

"What is this?" he cried, hoarsely, his face white in the faint glimmer.

"What is your name doing on a Prussian passport?"

The plunge had been made. Pierre Fouquier drew a deep breath and looked his brother in the face.

"It means," he said, slowly, "that our mother and Mariette did not want for food."

Eugene stood for a moment dazed, and when he spoke it was as one doubting his senses.

"You—fed them—with Prussian gold? You—the son of our honest mother!"

"Yes, I! What would you have? You are a soldier and think of France and duty to the Emperor. I also have a duty. I told you to-night what you could not see. And when the pedlar came through the village and offered me money to carry news to the Prussians—well, as I said to you, one had to turn to other things to live."

"A traitor! A spy!"

"The name matters nothing. I care nothing for French or Prussians. I make no wars. I feed my own, and if France comes in my way France is my enemy. I suppose a soldier and a peasant cannot understand each other; it is not right they should. But you are a son, Eugene, also."

and Eugene was upon him. How could his brother so entrap him between filial love and soldierly duty—set him to find a way out of the dilemma in which treachery had placed him? But his course was plain. His comrades must not be massacred if he could save them.

But Pierre standing like an oak, scarcely moved beneath the wild on slaught, and slowly the strong peasant arms tightened—irresistible as Fate—and forced the soldier back.

Mariette seized him by the wrist, in a vain endeavor to release the hold.

"Pierre! Pierre! he is your brother," she cried, bitterly. "Would you kill him before the Prussians come?"

The farmer loosened his grip and Eugene staggered back.

"He is right; you know he is right," she said.

Before he could answer they heard a clatter of spurs on the stone steps and saw the gleam of a lantern piercing the darkness at the entrance to the cellars—a gleam that crossed and quivered on a drawn sabre.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry.

"Pierre Fouquier, farmer, of Auvagne. Take me to your colonel. I have news for him—of the Prussians."

* * * * *

The Uhlans rode silently through the pass and down by the river to the east. At each place, when half their force gained open ground, the French Hussars swept upon them and rolled up the squadrons into a disordered tangle of men and horses.

Pierre Fouquier was the first to fall with a bullet in his brain. But the colonel kept terms even with a traitor, for the farmer was buried in a patriot's grave.

* * * * *

PUMPING THE CAPTAIN.

The captain was an eccentric of the first water, and numbered among his peculiarities the fact that he never gave the desired answer to a direct question.

One morning four of his friends who were aware of this trait in his character observed the captain going to market, and after some bantering entered into a bet as to the practicability of learning from him the price he paid for his purchase. They accordingly settled the preliminaries, and stationing themselves at different points along the street which he had to pass on his way home, awaited his coming.

Very soon the bluff old salt made his appearance with several pigeons dangling from his hand. As he approached, the first questioner accosted him with:—

"Good morning, captain. What did you give for your pigeons?"

"Money!" responded the captain, bluntly, as he continued his journey.

The second gentleman a little farther on addressed him. "How do you get on with your pigeons this morning, captain?" he asked.

"They don't go at all—I carry 'em!" was the unsatisfactory reply.

Shortly after that the captain met the third questioner, who, having asked the time of day, casually inquired, "How much are pigeons a dozen, captain?"

"I didn't get a dozen—only bought half-a-dozen!" said the old gentleman, still plodding on his way.

Finally, the fourth and last of the conspirators attacked the wary old mariner by observing, in the blandest tones, "A fine lot of pigeons you have there, captain! What did you get them for?"

"To eat!" was the pertinent and emphatic rejoinder.

The captain reached home without further molestation.

* * * * *

He—"All great men smother my dear." She—"But you're not great." "And do you really want to be my son?" asked the widow Mullins of young Spriggs, who had asked for her daughter's hand. "I can't say that I do," replied the truthful suitor. "I want to be Helen's husband."

rather sparingly. Upon this sprinkle shredded cocoanut, pressing the latter well down with a silver knife. Boston brown-bread thus treated will be excellent.

Apple and Orange Jelly.—Use an equal number of apples and oranges. Wash the apples, slice and core them; put them over the fire in the preserving kettle with enough cold water to cover them and simmer them until they are reduced to a pulp. Pour the apple pulp into a jelly bag, to strain out the juice. Measure the juice, and to each pint of apple juice add one of boiled orange juice and a pound of sugar, and boil them together, removing the scum that rises, until a little, cooled upon a saucer, forms a jelly. Then take the kettle off the stove, let the jelly partly cool and pour it into glasses. When cold seal it up like any other preserve.

WHEN EGGS ARE SCARCE.

In making squash and pumpkin pies without eggs, use less milk in proportion to the amount of stewed pumpkin or squash, sweeten and flavor the same as when eggs are used.

Doughnuts.—One cup buttermilk or good sour milk, 1 level teaspoon soda, half cup sugar, flavor with nutmeg or lemon or half of each. Some prefer ginger or cinnamon. Use flour to make as soft as can be easily handled. Cut out and fry in deep fat.

Raisin Cake.—One cup sweet milk, half cup butter, or other shortening, 2 cups flour, 1½ cups raisins cut in halves, 1 level teaspoon soda, half teaspoon each salt, cloves and cinnamon.

Cream Cookies.—One cup cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, a pinch salt, flavor with nutmeg or lemon. The amount of soda should be varied according to the sourness of the cream. Flour to make as soft as can be handled easily. Roll thin and bake carefully.

Spiced Cookies.—One-half cup each sugar and molasses, 1 heaping teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 cup hot water, 2-3 cup shortening, one teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon and cloves. Flour as for cream cookies.

Ginger Snaps.—Two teaspoons soda, two tablespoons boiling water, five tablespoons melted lard, salt and ginger to taste. Put in a cup and fill with molasses. Add another cup molasses and flour to mix stiff. Roll thin. All cookies need careful attention in baking, some persons like them soft and others brown and crisp.

Baked Indian Pudding.—In a 2-qt. pudding dish heat one qt. milk to the boiling point. Stir in carefully three tablespoons sifted meal, half teaspoon salt, half cup molasses, one teaspoon cinnamon, half cup raisins. When partly baked add another quart of milk. Bake 3 or 4 hours. We use creamery milk after it comes from the separator.

HELPS IN THE KITCHEN.

The stove will not need to be polished so often if it is carefully rubbed after each meal with newspaper softened between the hands; and when it is necessary to polish it the polish will last longer if the blacking is mixed with turpentine or strong coffee instead of water.

The following is a reliable recipe for making baking powder at home: Mix well together six ounces of tartaric acid, eight ounces best baking soda and one quart of best flour; then sift five or six times through a fine sieve and keep in a can closely covered.

A teaspoonful of baking powder in mashed potatoes is a wonderful aid in making them fluffy and light, and when making flour batter cakes the baking powder should never be stirred in until just before frying, as it will make the batter much lighter.

To clean coffee and teapots fill them with cold water; add to this some baking soda and boil until the stain is removed, then rinse out with clear hot water, and place in the sunshine. Soda dampened and rub-

figure in the demonstration.

He was preceded by two standard-bearers, one bearing the blue and white battle-flag of his house and the other the Royal Standard of Scotland. Next came a page-in-waiting and a sword-bearer, and by way of bodyguard the Count himself had a stalwart halberdier on either side of him. The sword and halberds used were stated to have been in the family for no less a period than five hundred years.

Quite unique in its character was the demonstration of the students of the Aberystwith College on the occasion of one of their number being sent away for a couple of terms for the heinous crime of holding converse with a lady student. After presenting him at a formal meeting with a marble timepiece and silver-plated inkstand, they formed up in funeral order to accompany him to the railway station.

Dressed in deep mourning and wearing their black gowns in the form of cowls, the procession moved off, the leading file carrying open books and all joining in singing the Dead March, together with well-known Welsh funeral hymns. The whole proceedings were characterized by the greatest solemnity, which much impressed the hundreds of spectators who accompanied the procession to the railway station, where the departing student had a "send-off" of thunderous cheers.

THE KING AT SIXTY-THREE.

Has Every Prospect of Long Life Before Him.

The King is sixty-three, and one of his silled medical advisers recently informed a friend that he could see no reason why this most popular and valuable of monarchs should not live as long as, or longer than, did his august mother, Queen Victoria. As we all now, his Majesty in his time has had several grave attacks of illness. There was that terrible time many years ago when the nation watched anxiously about his sick bed, when he slowly freed himself from the dread grip of typhoid fever, and that even more terrible one on the eve of his coronation which is still so vividly in the memory of all of us. Then his Majesty, in the course of his lifetime, has had several nasty accidents. When he was a little boy he was climbing over a fire-brick gate when he fell and cut his face so badly that for a time it was feared there would be permanent disfigurement. As a young man he was hunting once with Napoleon III. at Compiègne when an antlered stag rushed suddenly across his path, knocking him off his horse and bruising him badly. Comparatively recently, that is to say, a little over six years ago, he was staying at Waddesdon Manor as a guest of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, when he slipped on the staircase and sustained a compound fracture of the nape. Yet to-day, thanks to Providence, he is as healthy a man as any of his subjects. "A splendidly healthy youth," was a description of him written by Professor Playfair when as Prince of Wales he was studying under him at Edinburgh. "A splendidly healthy man, and likely to remain so," is the verdict nearly half a century later of the King's doctors.

EFFECT OF DIVING.

A professional diver says that one of the strange effects of diving is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom of the sea. As this usually passes away as soon as the surface is reached, it is probably due to pressure of the air affecting the lungs, and through them the brain. The exhilaration and good temper of the mountain climber are contrary feelings, from an opposite cause.

At Göttingen University there is a Bible written on palm-leaves.

FIGHTING AT PORT ARTHUR

Japanese Artillery Creating Great Havoc in the City

AT PORT ARTHUR.

A despatch from Headquarters of the Third Japanese Army, via Fusan, says: The Japanese are working their advance on the shores of Pigeon Bay on comparatively level ground against the Tai-Yan-Kow, Idahan, and Ant-zeshan forts. The approaches to the fortifications are easy, but the forts are enormously strong, and the near approach is all the more difficult, as the sapping of trenches will have to be done through frozen ground.

The naval guns mounted on 203-Metrie Hill will be able to cover the advance of infantry against any of the western forts.

NEVER WANTED WAR.

A despatch to the London Telegraph from Copenhagen says that Sven Hedin, the noted geographer and explorer, had an interview with the Czar a few days ago. He found his Majesty in the best of health. He beamed with joy when the explorer praised Gen. Kourapatin, who is an intimate friend of Sven Hedin. In regard to the war the Czar said he never desired it, and sincerely wished that it might be concluded as soon as possible.

STOICISM OF WOUNDED.

A despatch from Harbin says: A doctor in one of the Zemst hospital says: In an interview said: "Curiously enough, the majority of our wounded are shot in the head. I attribute this to the shrapnel bursting in the air. The Japanese artillery has been responsible for most of our casualties so far. It is the most effective arm of the Japanese service."

"We have many examples of the stoicism and devotion of the soldiers who come under our care. I was attending a dying Cossack recently. He was in terrible pain. I stopped to ask him at the end what message he had to send to his parents or relatives. He gave me the number of his rifle and requested that it should be sent to his commander. A other soldier limped in here on foot. He had refused to let the stretcher men carry him, saying there were others who needed the stretchers more. His foot was amputated within an hour."

In the field hospitals the men are put twenty-five in a tent. They preserve their discipline even in bed, and elect one of their tent mates usually one of the less severely wounded, as commander. All this is quite in accordance of the regulations. The wounded take orders from their tent chief, and wherever there is a shortage of help, and there usually is, they help the doctors with the dressing and bandaging, and also help to get and serve the meals.

UNCHANGED AT MUKDEN.

A despatch from Headquarters of Japanese Second Army, via Fusan, says: There is a probability that there will be a shortage of fuel and food among the Chinese this winter. Firewood is quoted at \$40, and food is selling at three times its normal value, with the end of supply in sight. The Japanese are paying Chinese laborers treble their ordinary wages, and also are paying market prices for all the fuel and supplies they purchase. The cold weather continues. The military situation is unchanged.

REFORMS THEIR REWARD.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: It is significant that the soldiers at the front are keenly interested in the proposed reforms in Russia.

M. Kirilloff, in a special despatch to the Russ from Mukden, says the soldiers talk of little else, appearing thoroughly to understand the meaning of such reforms and attributing the same to a desire to reward them for the hardships they are now enduring.

The idea has thrown new life into them, together with a desire to finish off the Japanese quickly, in order to get home to live as men with liberties.

JAPS GNAWED WIKES.

A despatch from London says: An engineer named Kawamura Sakui, who is now at the military hospital at Jentsuji, has supplied the following account of one of his experiences with the interesting army at Port Arthur to the Samu-i Shimbun:

"There were three lines of barbed wire entanglements before the enemy's battery. The first party of storming volunteers, consisting of twenty men, destroyed the third line of wire, fifteen of them being killed and three severely wounded. A second storming party, also of volunteers, was then formed, consisting of seven men, including myself, under the command of a non-commissioned officer named Hosoi. The night was extremely dark and the absolute stillness of the atmosphere was very impressive. We all covered ourselves with green branches and leaves and proceeded on all fours, keeping as close as possible to the ground. The Russians were busily searching for any signs of an enemy by the means of searchlights and fireworks, but they failed to find us. We succeeded in reaching the second line of entanglements, and destroyed it, and, as we had then discharged our duty, we might have returned, but, mustering up all our courage, we determined to attack the first line also. To our great surprise we found that the slope which we had to climb was defended by a large number of mines and pitfalls. As it was dangerous to crawl along these, we endeavored to cut off the flanking lines. With the greatest possible effort, we succeeded in destroying twenty, although having no shears, we were obliged to gnaw them apart. I myself gnawed off four of them. Each of them consisted of twenty-four slender wires encased in rubber, making the line almost as thick as a thumb. So, as you may suppose, all my teeth are damaged. As for the pitfalls, I took off my white waist cloth, tore it into pieces, tied the latter to small sticks we carried, and fixed them on any pitfalls discovered, with a few to warn the troops who were about to follow us. We were able to reach the first line of entanglements and returned in triumph."

WORSE THAN SHAMBLES.

A despatch from London says: English correspondents with Gen. Nogi's army, which is besieging Port Arthur, express themselves as being horrified by the carnage at 203-Metrie Hill. They declare that the dynamite bombs and high explosives used by both sides are a hundred times worse than dum-dum bullets, and that their

FLOWERS THAT WON'T FADE

Wizzard Burbank Produces Another Wonder.

A San Francisco despatch says:—Following his production of the thornless cactus, Luther Burbank has developed an everlasting real flower that will not fade or lose its odor. He calls it the "Australian Star Flower." He evolved it after crossing, recrossing, and selection from a half hardy annual found in West Central Australia.

Mr. Burbank describes the plant as a "unique and beautiful plant, which grows readily from seed in any ordinary garden soil, preferring rather sandy loam. It blooms early in the season and continues to bloom for a long time."

The fragrant flowers are of a crimson shade, sometimes approaching white. They are produced in large, graceful clusters, which, when cut, will retain their form and color permanently. The full-grown plants are about one foot high and the same across. Although the stem of the flower may dry up, the blossoms will not fade.

Mr. Burbank has a cluster of these blossoms in his library which has remained there unchanged for a year. These real flowers bid fair to work a revolution in millinery, as they are far more pleasing than artificial blossoms.

SERUM IN CANCER CASES

Dr. Doyen Does Not Claim It as a Radical Cure.

A Paris despatch says:—Dr. Doyen has presented to the Society of Surgery the report of the committee appointed to investigate his cancer cure. It is written by Dr. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, a member of the committee. It sets forth that Dr. Doyen's micrococcus is habitually found in cancerous tumors and that Dr. Doyen's serum has undoubtedly had the most favorable result in many cases, but much more study respecting the specific nature of the bacillus and the results of inoculation is necessary before a final verdict can be given.

The society appointed a new committee of five members to examine and study all cases that Dr. Doyen submits. Dr. Doyen reiterated that he does not claim he has discovered a radical cure for a disease that has such numerous forms as cancer, but he contends that his treatment usually produces favorably modifications and improvements in cases that are so grave that they cannot be operated upon.

NINE LIVES LOST.

Steamer Took Fire in Long Island Sound.

A New York despatch says:—By the burning of the Starin Line steamer Glen Island in Long Island Sound on Saturday nine lives were lost, and property roughly estimated at a quarter of a million dollars was destroyed. That more lives were not sacrificed undoubtedly was due to the personal courage of the officers and crew and the excellent discipline maintained when a horrible death for all seemed almost a certainty. When the steamer was abandoned she was flameswept from stem to stern, and yet the only persons who lost their lives were those whose escape had been entirely cut off by the fire before the alarm reached them.

Of the ten passengers and the crew of 21 who sailed on the steamboat, 22, including eight passengers, were brought back to the city.

LAWYERS IN NEW HOUSE

Sixty-six Returned Out of 202

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Dec. 20.—Wheat—Ontario—Very dull, 98c bid for red and white; spring, 93c; goose, 88c to 87c. Manitoba, No. 1 northern, steady at \$1.08; No. 2 northern, 98c; No. 3 northern, 92c, Georgian Bay ports; 6c more grinding in transit.

Flour—90 per cent. patents, \$4.25 to \$4.40, buyers' sac's, east and west, 15c to 20c higher for choice. Manitoba unchanged at \$5.35 to \$5.70 for first patents, \$5.20 to \$5.40 for second patents, and \$5 to \$5.30 for bakers'.

Milled—is firmer with the winter demand; \$15 to \$15.50 for bran in bulk, \$18 to \$18.50 for shorts, east and west; Manitoba, \$21 for shorts, \$18 for bran, exports.

Parley—Dull; 45c for No. 2, 43c extra, and 41c for No. 3 malting outside, Toronto freights.

Rye—74c to 75c for No. 2. Corn—New Canadian yellow, 43c; mixed, 42c, f.o.b., Chatham freights; new American, No. 3 yellow, easier, 52c to 52½c; mixed, 52c, on track Toronto.

Oats—Firm; 33c to 33½c for No. 1 white, east low freights; No. 2, 32½c, low freights, and 32c, north and west.

Roller Oats—\$4 for cars of bags and \$4.25 for barrels on track Toronto, 25c more for broken lots here, and 40c for broken lots outside.

Peas—67c to 68c for No. 2, west and east.

Buckwheat—Dull; 50c to 51c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The demand continues active for choice grades. Quotations are unchanged.

Creamery, prints 22c to 23c
do tubs 19c to 20c
Dairy tubs, good to choice 16c to 17c
do medium 13c to 15c
do inferior grades 10c to 12c
Dairy lb. rolls, good to choice 17c to 18c
do large rolls 16c to 17c
do medium 14c to 15c
Cheese—Has a firmer tone and is quoted 1c higher at 10½c to 11c for large and 11c to 11½c for twins in job lots here.

Eggs—Are quoted steady at 20c to 21c for fresh and 20c for limed. Poultry—Turkeys, 13c to 14c for yearlings and 10c to 11c for old. Ducks and geese, 8c to 9c. Chickens at 5½c to 9c, and hens at 5c to 6c. Potatoes—Ontario stock, 65c to 70c on track, and 75c to 80c out of store. Eastern, 75c to 80c on track and 90c to 95c out of store.

Dressed Hogs—Car lots on track here are quoted unchanged at \$6.25 to \$6.30 per cwt. for selected weights.

Pale Hay—Quotations are unchanged at \$7.50 per ton for No. 1 timothy and \$6.50 for No. 2 and mixed lower on track here.

Baled Straw—Quotations are unchanged at \$6 per ton for car lots on track here.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Dec. 14.—Grain—There is very little doing in wheat, the demand for oats was somewhat slow, no actual change, with sales of car lots of No. 2 white at 39c to 39½c per bushel ex-store.

Flour—Manitoba's spring wheat patents, \$5.90; strong bakers', \$5.50; winter wheat patents, \$5.70 to \$5.80; straight rollers, \$5.30 to \$5.40, and in ta's, \$2.50 to \$2.60.

Feed—Manitoba bran in bags, \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$19 to \$20 per ton; Ontario winter wheat bran, in bulk, \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$19 to \$20; molasses, \$24 to \$28 per ton as to quality.

Meal—The tone of the market for

Firewood is quoted at \$49, and food is selling at three times its normal value, with the end of supply in sight. The Japanese are paying Chinese laborers treble their ordinary wages, and also are paying mar et prices for all the fuel and supplies they purchase. The cold weather continues. The military situation is unchanged.

STOESSSEL IS HOPEFUL.

A despatch from Chefoo says: Seven Russians in civilian garb, but a military training obvious in their bearing, arrived on Friday in an open sailboat carrying dispatches. They were unwilling to talk and went immediately to the Russian Consulate. A high wind enabled them to make a quick passage from Port Arthur.

The men admit that the Russian warships at Port Arthur have been destroyed, but they are confident that the fortress will hold out for months. They say that three steamers with food and ammunition ran the blockade during the past fortnight.

The fact that the boat in which they made the trip from Port Arthur was a large one and had a big sail spread, and also the fact that she came out in the daylight without molestation show the imperfection of the blockade. When they left, according to their story, neither beligerent held 203-Metre Hill. The guns of four big forts command the position, which, therefore, the Japanese probably would not occupy. The capture of the hill cost the Japanese 12,000 men in two hours. The Japanese have lost three destroyers in the past month.

The men delivered despatches at the Russian Consulate, where enquiries were told that the Russians still hold all the northern forts. The despatches indicate that Gen. Stoessel is hopeful and that the Japanese official reports are evidently exaggerated.

FLOUR FOR PORT ARTHUR.

A despatch to the London Daily Telegraph from Chefoo says that the steamers that lately ran the blockade at Port Arthur carried American cargoes. One took in a thousand tons of flour. Many junkies continue to enter the port.

The despatch adds that Gen. Stoessel has been wounded again, but not seriously. His former wound is healing.

GRUMBLE AT COLD.

A despatch from Usan-han says: Occasional artillery firing is heard east of the railway. The Russians captured two Japanese, who were in a pitiable condition. The prisoners grumbled greatly at the Manchurian cold, and said they were glad to be fed and warmed.

The general position is uncertain. No comments on both sides are hampered by the freezing of water and the lack of snow, which render it necessary to keep near the river for water supplies and near the coal mines for fuel.

Brigandage is increasing. There is considerable want and suffering among the natives. Reports from Vladivostok state that the number of sick in the hospitals there is rapidly increasing, and that there are few cases of serious illness.

OYAMA'S ARMY MOVING ON.

A despatch from Mukden says: The Japanese column on General Oyama's right, which General Kannonami recently drove back to the Taitsie River, is again ordered to be moving north-east and is now holding the Taitsie River again. They also occupy Siao-yu, on the south bank of the Taitsie River, and are guarding the river, which is no longer of any importance owing to the melting of the river.

The extreme cold conditions will also go to the front. The distribution of warm clothing to the troops is practically finished.

WORSE THAN SHAMBLES.

A despatch from London says: English correspondents with Gen. Nogai's army, which is besieging Port Arthur, express themselves as being horrified by the carnage at 203-Metre Hill. They declare that the dynamite bombs and hand grenades used by both sides are a hundred times worse than dum-dum bullets, and that their use ought to be banned by the Geneva Convention. The effect of the grenades thrown at Japanese soldiers was beyond description. The Russian trenches were filled with masses of shattered flesh and bones, which could not be recognized as human bodies. The sight was more sickening than a meat shambles. The northern slopes of the hills are now cleared of the dead, but the southern slopes are still strewn with human remains, and other fragments of human remains, all horribly mutilated.

PREPARING FOR DEFEAT.

A despatch from Paris says:—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Temps telegraphs that the news received there from the front is of the most unfavorable kind. Gen. Kouropatkin telegraphs that unless the number of trains on the Siberian Railroad is considerably increased it will be impossible to keep the army in provisions, in which case he would be unable to answer any longer for the course of the campaign. As it is impossible to grant Gen. Kouropatkin's request, his opponents are contending that he is endeavoring to shirk the responsibility in case of the failure of the Manchurian campaign.

TROOPS IN MUKDEN.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—The general staff apparently is entirely satisfied with the military situation in Manchuria, being convinced that the Japanese have reached their high tide. A high official said on Wednesday:—

"The Japanese army is unique in military history, and probably the strongest in the world, combining the strength of barbarism with civilization, drawing from the former fanatical bravery and scorn of death and from the latter the latest knowledge of the science of war. We have been fighting them under heavy handicaps, but have at last definitely stopped them. They have missed the psychological moment. They should now be at Harbin, with Vladivostok and the eastern littoral cut off and de facto theirs, instead of wintering where they are. The cold is Russia's ally now, as it was against Napoleon. The Japanese cannot endure extreme cold like the Russians. They are not strong enough to attempt to turn Mukden now, and will not be even if Port Arthur falls, and 50,000 reinforcements are sent up to join Field Marshal Oyama. In the meantime Russian troops are piling up behind Mukden. In February, before the port of New Chwang is ice free, Gen. Kouropatkin will have close upon half a million men, disposed in three armies, amply sufficient to turn Oyama's position at the Sha River, and force the Japanese back to Corea and the Liao Tung Peninsula."

OYAMA'S PROCLAMATION.

A despatch from Rome says:—A telegram from Tokio states that a despatch has been received from Marshal Oyama announcing that he has issued a proclamation provisionally annexing South Manchuria to Japan.

MONARCHS TO MEET.

Will Hold a Peace Conference Early in the Spring.

A despatch from London says: The Co-hering correspondent of the Daily Mail says that a peace conference between Morarhs will be held in this city in the spring. Emperor Franz Joseph, the Czar, and King Edward have agreed to attend, and it is expected that Emperor William also will be there.

Of the ten passengers and the crew of 21 who sailed on the steamboat, 22, including eight passengers, were brought back to the city.

LAWYERS IN NEW HOUSE

Sixty-six Returned Out of 202 Constituencies.

An Ottawa despatch says:—The Clerk of the Crown in Chancery has received returns from 202 constituencies. Of these 66 have sent lawyers to Parliament, 24 farmers have been elected; merchants, 21; doctors, 15; manufacturers, 15; and journalists, nine. As usual, the legal fraternity is exceptionally well represented. From Ontario and Quebec there are in equal number of lawyers, viz. 23. The occupations of the rest are—Agents, four; bankers, one; brokers, two; contractors, one; distillers, one; druggists, one; live stock exporters, one; fruit-growers, one; lumber merchants, thirteen; millers, two; miners, one; notaries, four; ranchmen, two; veterinary surgeons, one, and unclassified, sixteen.

INJURY TO PULP INDUSTRY

Thousands of Stranded Logs Are Frozen In.

An Ottawa despatch says:—A serious condition of affairs confronts the pulp industry of this and other parts of Canada. The early melting of the snows last spring, causing such a rapid rush of water, brought all the big sawlogs down in pretty good shape, but the water in the streams and creeks fell so rapidly that hundreds of thousands of pulp logs were left high and dry. The owners of the pulp mills have been making every effort to get these out, but the recent severe cold snap quickly froze up the shallow streams, and it is just a question now whether many of the mills may not have to close down for the winter. On the Chaudiere, Eddy's and Booth's mills have been operated only intermittently during the last ten days.

MANITOBA'S CROPS.

Wheat Produced Amounted to 39,289,879 Bushels.

A Winnipeg despatch says:—According to the crop report issued by the Manitoba Government wheat produced in the province during the past season amounted to 39,289,879 bushels, grown from 2,412,235 acres, being an average yield of 16.32 bushels to the acre.

The total quantity of oats was 36,289,972 bushels, from a total acreage of 943,574 acres, or an average of 38.8 bushels to the acre.

Of barley there was 11,377,970 bushels, produced from 361,004 acres or an average of 30.54 bushels to the acre.

The quantity of flax, rye, and peas produced amounted to 673,229 bushels, or an average of 76.01 bushels to the acre.

ECONOMY IN STAMPS.

Postage on Letters is Often Insufficiently Prepaid.

An Ottawa despatch says:—The Post-Office Department has issued a notice calling attention to the fact that large numbers of letters addressed to Great Britain and the British colonies are insufficiently prepaid. This seems due to the public having forgotten that although the rate between places in Canada is 2c per ounce, the inter-Imperial rate is 2c per half ounce. Hence these letters which weigh between half an ounce and an ounce are only prepaid 2c. The letters go forward, but there is doubtless some vexation on the part of those receiving them, at having to make up double the deficiency in the postage as required by the postal law.

winter wheat patents, \$5.70 to \$5.80; straight rollers, \$5.30 to \$5.40, and in bulk, \$2.50 to \$2.60.

Feed—Manitoba bran in bags, \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$19 to \$20 per ton; Ontario winter wheat bran, in bulk, \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$19 to \$20; molasses, \$24 to \$28 per ton as to quality.

Mail—The tone of the market for rolled oats remains steady, but the volume of business passing is small at \$2.12 1/2 per bag. The demand for cornmeal is fair at \$1.35 to \$1.45 per bag.

Hay—No. 1, \$9 to \$9.50; No. 2, \$8 to \$8.25; clover mixed, \$7 to \$7.25; and pure clover at \$6.25 to \$6.75 per ton in car lots.

Eggs—Cold storage eggs are offering at 18c to 19c per dozen, and Montreal lined at 19c. The demand for selected eggs in a jobbing way continues fair and prices rule firm at 24c to 25c, and Montreal lined at 20c per dozen.

Poultry—Turkeys sold at 14c to 16c, chickens at 8 1/2c to 11c, ducks at 10c to 12c and geese at 8c to 10c per lb.

Beans—In a jobbing way sales of choice primes were made at \$1.35 to \$1.40, and seconds at \$1.30 per bushel.

Potatoes—Car lots of fair to good stock are quoted at 43c to 50c per bag and choice at 60c to 65c.

Cheese—There has been some buying quietly going on leading to a turnover of more than 20,000 boxes since Friday last, at prices ranging from 9 1/2c for Ontario fall ends up to 10 1/2c for finest eastern fall grades.

Butter—At present local jobbers readily concede 21c for 30-lb tubs for the city trade and demand for them is rather in excess of the supply. Any choice creamery obtainable in 56-lb. boxes that is suitable for export is being bought up also on the basis of 20 1/2c and put away. While under-grade creamery ranges down to 20c, dairy butter sells as to quality at 15 1/2c to 17c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Dec. 20.—Trade at the Western Cattle Market to-day was not so good, and trade was slower in the week. The quality of the cattle was not so good, and trade was quieter on this account. Butcher cattle are quoted easier. Other lines were quiet. Sheep and lambs were firm and hogs weak in tone.

Export Cattle—Trade was quiet, very few cattle of this kind being on the market. Quotations all round are unchanged. Extra choice are quoted at \$4.40 to \$3.75, good to medium at \$4.25 to \$4.40, good cows at \$3.25 to \$4.

Butcher Cattle—The run of Christmas cattle is pretty well over, and none of this variety was offering today. The quality of the butchers' generally, too, were not so good, and trade was slower on this account. There is still a good demand for good cattle, but little demand for those of poor quality. Good to choice butchers' are quoted at \$4.25 to \$4.75, fair to good at \$3.50 to \$4; mixed lots, medium, at \$3 to \$3.50; common at \$1.75 to \$2.50, cows at \$3 to \$3.40, and bulls at \$2 to \$2.75.

Stockers and Feeders—Continue quiet and in light demand. The few offering sold about steady with previous quotations. Stockers are quoted at \$1.50 to \$3.25; bulls are quoted at \$1.75 to \$2.50. Feeders are unchanged at \$2.50 to \$4.25 per cwt.

Milch Cows—Are steady, and are quoted unchanged at \$30 to \$60 per cwt.

Calves—A fair lot were offering, and they sold steady. Quotations are unchanged at 3 1/2c to 5 1/2c per lb. and \$2 to \$10 each.

Sheep and Lambs—Despite a fair run, the trade was brisk and everything was sold, prices having a firmer tone. Export sheep are quoted at \$2.50 to \$4.20, culls are higher at \$2 to \$4, and lambs are 25c per cwt. up, at \$5 to \$5.75.

Hogs—The market retains its weak

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tone, but is quoted unchanged at \$4.80 per cwt. for selects, and \$4.60 for lights and fats.

THE WHEAT MOVEMENT.

The Fort William Elevators Are Fairly Empty.

A despatch from Montreal says: According to figures obtained at the head offices here, the total amount of wheat marketed at stations along the line of the C. P. R. throughout this season in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories was 20,250,000 bushels, as compared with 18,250,000 bushels last year, an increase of eleven per cent. The shipments from Fort William were 11,728,000 bushels, as compared with 10,068,000 bushels last year, an increase of sixteen per cent. The amount of wheat on hand at the C. P. R. elevators at Fort William is 1,000,000 bushels. There will be plenty of room for storage during the winter. The last boat sailed on December 11th this year. Last year it sailed four days earlier.

THE AGITATION IN WARSAW.

Many Officers Arrested and Imprisoned in a Fortress.

A Berlin despatch to The New York Times says: "Telegrams received here are to the effect that the agitation in Warsaw continues and that anti-Government street demonstrations occur daily. The movement extends to the highest military circles, and many officers, participants in the revolutionary propaganda, were recently arrested and imprisoned in a fortress. The troops generally are disaffected because many of them whose term of service is at an end will be compelled to serve until next Easter or later, owing to the mobilization. The Socialists are taking full advantage of the situation to push their campaign."

CANNOT GUARANTEE SAFETY.

Porte Refuses to Allow Bible Colporteurs in Turkey.

A despatch from Constantinople says: In consequence of American and British representations the Porte has renewed its instructions to the provincial authorities to allow colporteurs to sell Bibles in towns and villages. The Porte, however, persists in objecting to colporteurs traversing the disturbed rural districts of European Turkey on the pretext that their safety cannot be guaranteed, and also to the sale of Bibles in the Anatolian provinces, in Asiatic Turkey, because of the alleged fear that the colporteurs may distribute seditious literature to the Armenians.

LUNA'S FACE IS CRACKED.

Eighty-Mile Crackle Observed on Moon's Crust.

A despatch from Berkeley, California, says: The discovery of a great crack or rill on the face of the moon, which extends lengthwise through the valley of the Alps for a distance of eighty miles, is one of the facts announced in the latest bulletin issued from the Lick Observatory. The rill on the moon was discovered by Assistant Astronomer J. B. Perrine with the 36-inch telescope. The rill is in the nature of a crack in the moon's crust, or of a dry river bed only a few hundred feet in width, and some eighty miles in length, extending through the centre of the valley. It can be seen only under good atmospheric conditions and when the sun is shining upon it at the proper angle.

GREEDY FOR APPLES.

Scandinavia Will Use the Best Fruit From Canada.

A despatch from Ottawa says: In a further report to the Trade and Commerce Department, Mr. C. E.

THE DISEASE OF POULTRY

CATARRH, ROUP, GAPES AND LEG WEAKNESS.

One-half the Cases of Disease Are Due to Lice and Other Parasites.

The Poultry Division, Ottawa, points out that the treatment of poultry diseases should seldom concern the farmer. If the healthiest and most vigorous fowls are kept for breeding, if the chickens are reared under satisfactory conditions, fed on wholesome food and not overcrowded, there will rarely be disease amongst them. When disease does appear, it will usually be found more satisfactory to kill and bury the sick birds than to undertake to treat them. Some of the commonest poultry diseases are catarrh, roup, gapes and leg weakness.

Catarrh—Catarrh in poultry closely resembles the common "cold in the head" of man. It is accompanied by sneezing, difficult breathing and watery discharge from the nostrils, and is apt to develop into roup. Among the causes are lack of ventilation, draughts, dampness, exposure, and improper care and feeding. The prevention and treatment are much the same as for roup.

Roup.—The following are some of the symptoms of the various stages of this infectious disease: puffed or swollen eyelids, watery discharge from the eyes and nose; eyes swollen and closed by offensive cheesy matter, thick gelatinous discharge from the eyes and nose; frothy mucus in the mouth and throat, throat covered with thick cheesy matter.

IN THE EARLY STAGES

of the disease the inflammation can be reduced by bathing the eyes and face of the fowl with a mixture composed of equal parts of sweet oil and whiskey. The fowl should be removed from the flock and fed on soft food. If the disease has reached the offensive stage the fowl should be killed, and the house disinfected with sulphur fumes or a three per cent. solution of creolin to prevent the spread of the disease. If it is desired to save a valuable bird, it is a good plan to loosen the discharge in the nostrils and eyes, and immerse the head for 20 or 30 seconds in a one to two per cent solution of permanganate of potash. The treatment should be given twice daily until all symptoms have disappeared. Roup is most prevalent in draughty, overcrowded and dirty poultry houses. The inside of the house should be well cleansed, and the ventilation and lighting so arranged that the house will be perfectly dry and free from draughts.

Gapes.—This disease usually affects only young birds, and as its name indicates is characterised by the chick gaping—opening its mouth at frequent intervals to get breath. As the disease proceeds the breathing becomes very labored. Gapes result from the presence of worms in the windpipe. The windpipe becomes inflamed, and this, together with the worms, is apt to cause suffocation of the chicken. When the inflammation extends to the lungs, death usually ensues. The worms may be removed by the fumes of sulphur or coal tar, or by dropping one or two drops of spirits of turpentine or salicylate of soda into the windpipe. A fumigator can be made from an old barrel. The ends of the barrel should be removed, and the chickens to be treated placed on a grating inside the barrel. The top of the barrel may be covered with an old sack, and a plate of burning sulphur placed on the ground inside the barrel. Instead of using sulphur, the inside of the barrel may be painted with a mixture of coal tar and coal oil, of the same consistency as paint. The chickens should be watched while under treatment, and removed as soon as they show signs of being overcome by the fumes.

THREE TREATMENTS.

FLASHES FROM THE WIRE

The Very Latest Items From All Parts of the Globe.

DOMINION.

Guelph will vote on a by-law to provide \$28,000 to extend the Collegiate Institute.

The Westinghouse new works at Hamilton are completed and will employ 1,000 men.

Mr. R. J. Fleming, Toronto, Assessment Commissioner, has accepted the position of General Manager of the Toronto Street Railway at a salary of \$10,000 per annum.

The Windsor Municipal Reform League have preferred charges of corruption against the Mayor and certain Aldermen, in connection with the contract for asphalt pavement.

Hon. Sidney Fisher is satisfied with Canada's advertisement at St. Louis and would exhibit at Portland, Oregon. He has purchased a site at Liege, Belgium, for the exhibition commencing in April.

FOREIGN.

The Japanese Parliament enthusiastically voted the war budgets.

M. Witte has drawn up a plan for the improvement of peasant conditions in Russia.

The Campbell Hotel at Cayuga and Wiggs' livery with seven horses were burned on Saturday.

St. Michael's Roman Catholic church at Belleville was destroyed by fire on Saturday. Loss \$150,000.

The New York Sun's London correspondent says Mr. Chamberlain had a stroke of paralysis before his trip to Egypt.

Major E. H. Hardin, of the 7th U. S. Infantry, is to be court-martialed because of the escape of 33 native prisoners from the Malati prison in Manila.

Sir W. C. Van Horne, who has been on a tour through Eastern Cuba, declares the streets of Santiago, Puerto Principe and other cities are cleaner than those of the cities in the United States.

Owing to the great number of Russian emigrants the North German Lloyd Steamship Company will despatch two steamers carrying over 4,000 steerage passengers, in addition to the regular steamers.

The British Mission to Afghanistan arrived safely and in good health at Kabul, December 12.

John D. Rockefeller is said to have given between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 to the University of Chicago for a School of Engineering.

HALIFAX LOSES DOCKYARD

Closed Down by Order of the British Admiralty.

A Halifax despatch says:—Orders were received from the British Admiralty on Thursday by cable directing that the naval dockyard here be closed down at once. In accordance with this order the employees were given one week's notice that their services would be no longer required. This order is in keeping with Sir John Fisher's scheme for the reorganization of British naval methods, and for the establishment of a huge and powerful flying squadron, instead of a fleet permanently stationed at Halifax and Bermuda.

The naval dockyard at Halifax has been in existence for 150 years, and the employees numbered at the height of the season some 400, though now they are down to about 100. The dockyard embraces a stretch of half a mile on the west part of the waterfront, and its great area is enclosed by thick stone walls twelve feet high. It is located just north of the Government railway water terminus, and it has long been desired to obtain it for the use of the road. Now that it is closed down by the Imperial authorities, it is expected that the Dominion Government will make an effort to secure it for the Intercolonial Railway.

ON THE FARM

POULTRY FOR PROFIT.

Although hens are notoriously perverse about laying many eggs, even though the product is sure to be worth thirty-five or forty cents a dozen, yet I have always found it profitable on the whole to keep them, says Henry J. Viets. If they can be induced to lay well the rest of the year, they will never run their owner in debt for care and keeping.

But if one is fortunate enough to have some well grown Leghorn pullets, and keep them in warm quarters, with plenty of room for scratching, some meat and skim milk given with a variety of other food, not omitting some early cut hay, plenty of shells and gravel, with ashes for a dust bath, they will lay pretty well while the older hens are on a strike. A person having other business enough to take up all his time need not expect the hens to pay a profit when neglected. Not much. They are sure to get diseased, die on his hands and unless he is a very saintly person, make him swear that he will never invest another dollar in poultry.

One of the most difficult things to do is to get a building warm enough for the best results in eggs. I have found by experience that double boarding with tarred paper between on sides, with a tight floor and plenty of hay overhead will not keep milk or wet feed from freezing in very cold weather in this locality. It is warm enough to protect the combs from freezing, and in ordinary weather very good results are obtained. I have seen henhouses double boarded, with air space between, and a fire kept besides. The owners told me it paid even then.

If one has a dry knoll sloping to the south, and it is near the house, one can make a building that is quite warm by digging out so as to leave earth sides on the north, east and west. No boarding will be required on the north side, and but little on the east and west ends. On the north side the sill rests on stone world that is even with the ground. Now, if the south side is double boarded with paper between, the building will be much warmer than one all above the ground.

Of course the water must be turned off and kept out from the inside, or the building will be a failure—worse than nothing.

Not allowing room enough, damp quarters, exclusive corn diet, and worst of all, vermin, will account for many of the failures to make poultry pay.

I used to try and have a garden near the house and keep hens also. Failure every time. They will spoil the best garden and tempt the owner to commit suicide or some other side in no time. Vegetables and flowers must be far enough away so the hens cannot get at them.

HOG PASTURE.

"A hog pasture," says Breeders' Gazette, "does not mean a dust lot with possibly a few old weeds off in one corner, but a good and commodious range, and if planned to give the best results, it will contain a variety of crops, selected as to their food value. Pasture and range are necessary in order to keep breeding swine in a healthy condition and grow the stock at a profit. The man who tries to raise swine under other conditions is playing a losing game, and his balance will be on the debtor side of the ledger just as sure as we have day and night. Although these facts have been vouched for many times by experiment stations and successful swine raisers and given wide publicity, thousands of farmers

It can be seen only under good atmospheric conditions and when the sun is shining upon it at the proper angle.

GREEDY FOR APPLES.

Scandinavia Will Use the Best Fruit From Canada.

A despatch from Ottawa says: In a further report to the Trade and Commerce Department, Mr. C. E. Sontum, writing on trade conditions in the Scandinavian countries, says there is a market for Canadian apples in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, if the exporters send the best fruit. Ballwias being the most acceptable apples, are worth \$10 a barrel when the \$2 duty is paid. The Scandinavians use apples for decorations as well as for consumption.

WAR OFFICE AROUSED.

Contracts Signed for New Guns for 130 Batteries.

A despatch from London says: The War Office and the treasury have at last reached an arrangement to provide funds for the rearmament of the artillery, and it is understood that the Secretary of War, H. O. Arnold-Forster, on Friday signed contracts which, with the guns to be built at Woolwich arsenal, will result in the supply of 130 batteries of field artillery and 30 batteries of horse artillery, with guns of new pattern, within nine months.

WERE LUCKY PROSPECTORS.

Owners of Haileybury Mine Discover Rich Deposits.

A despatch from Toronto says: Four carloads of ore were recently shipped from the Haileybury Mine to New York. One carload, consisting of twenty tons of silver cobalt, realized \$37,500. The vein from which the ore was taken was discovered after two days' prospecting, and reports state that there is over a quarter of a million dollars of ore in sight.

BERMUDA HEADQUARTERS.

Dockyard at Port Royal Ordered Closed.

A despatch from Kingston, Jamaica, says: The British Admiralty has ordered the dockyard at Port Royal to be closed immediately. Nearly two hundred workmen received notice of their dismissal on Friday evening. This is in pursuance of the plan to make Bermuda the naval headquarters in the western Atlantic.

WHIPPED INTO SILENCE.

Students Parade Streets Singing Revolutionary Songs.

A despatch from Moscow says: Some 3,000 persons, mainly male and female students, gathered on the principal street of the city on Sunday morning and sang revolutionary songs. They refused to disperse when ordered to do so, and paid no attention to blank shots that were fired at them. Cossacks with drawn swords, and policemen with whips, then charged the crowd and dispersed it. Subsequently, however, the assemblage gathered again in the side streets and continued the demonstration.

CONSUMPTION SANATORIUM.

Waterloo Endorses Project to Erect Institution.

A despatch from Berlin, Ont., says: The Waterloo County Council on Wednesday endorsed the project for the erection and maintenance by a group of five or six counties of a sanatorium for the treatment of consumptives, more especially that of the indigent and incurable class. There were 70 deaths from consumption in the county last year, and at present there are consumptives in the county jail.

of the barrel may be covered with an old sack, and a plate of burning sulphur placed on the ground inside the barrel. Instead of using sulphur, the inside of the barrel may be painted with a mixture of coal tar and coal oil, of the same consistency as paint. The chickens should be watched while under treatment, and removed as soon as they show signs of being overcome by the fumes.

THREE TREATMENTS.

usually suffice; they are given night and morning. The worms are killed, lose their hold upon the internal surface of the windpipe, and the chickens cough them up.

Chickens contract the disease when allowed to run on ground which has been infested with the gapeworm; the worms are conveyed from one bird to another through the medium of food and drink. When the worms have been destroyed by fumigation, it is advisable to remove the chickens to dry, uncontaminated ground, or if this is impossible, to plough or dig up the earth about the pens and to scatter air-slaked lime around. The disease is rarely present among chickens that are reared on well-drained soil, and away from the dampness about the farm buildings.

Leg Weakness.—Leg weakness is found among chicks that are housed in badly constructed brooders, overfed with unsuitable food, or not allowed sufficient exercise on an earth floor. Chicks that are affected should be placed on ground that is covered with chaff, and animal food and small grains made the principal part of their ration.

In conclusion it may be said that at least one-half the cases of diseases in poultry are due directly or indirectly to lice and other parasites. Chickens that have had their vitality sapped by vermin fall an easy prey to diseases like catarrh and roup. There is not likely to be much profit from a flock of poultry unless it is housed in clean and comfortable quarters and kept free from lice and mites.

THE TIBETAN MISSION.

Over 400 Deaths—Nearly 700 Men Invalided.

A despatch from London says: The Gazette contains long despatches from Gen. Macdonald, military chief of the Younghusband mission, describing the operations in Tibet. These have in the main been covered by newspaper correspondence. A summary shows a total of 16 engagements, or skirmishes, in which there were 202 British casualties, including 23 officers, of whom five were killed. There were 411 deaths owing to climatic and other causes, and 671 were invalided.

KINGSTON LOCOMOTIVES.

Ten Have Been Ordered by the Canadian Pacific.

A despatch from Kingston says: Cornelius Birmingham, managing director of the Kingston Locomotive Works, returned from Montreal on Thursday with an order for 10 Mogul engines for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The engines will be completed during the next 10 months. Mr. Birmingham could have had the order doubled, but could not turn out the finished article as soon as desired.

JAMAICA A MARKET.

Canadian Agent in Colony Reports Increase in Imports.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Mr. G. E. Burke, Canadian agent at Kingston, Jamaica, writing to the Trade and Commerce Department, notes a gratifying increase in the imports from Canada, both in farm products and manufactures. Mr. Burke critically reviews the condition of trade upon several points, and gives some valuable hints to Canadian producers. He urges that Canadian exporters should make serious efforts to capture the trade of the island.

dockyard embraces a stretch of nearly a mile on the west part of the waterfront, and its great area is enclosed by thick stone walls twelve feet high. It is located just north of the Government railway water terminus, and it has long been desired to obtain it for the use of the road. Now that it is closed down by the Imperial authorities, it is expected that the Dominion Government will make an effort to secure it for the Intercolonial Railway.

RED FLAG IN RUSSIA.

An Armed Rising May Take Place at Any Time.

A London despatch says:—The newspapers here print further mailed reports of the disaffection in Russia. Street demonstrations increase in frequency in the provincial towns and have begun in Moscow and St. Petersburg. The people taking part in these demonstrations carry red flags and sing the "Marseillaise" and the "Hymn of Liberty." The latter parodies the national anthem in the opposite sense. It is even stated that a central organization that is working against the Government has its headquarters in South Russia, that it has numerous branches, and that it is perfecting plans for an armed rising simultaneously in the rebellious areas.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Express, dealing with the situation says:—"The red flag of revolution is waving all over Russia. A general rising may be precipitated at any moment. I believe that the first news of a heavy disaster to the Russian arms in the East will herald such a rising as will shake the bureaucracy to its foundations."

ORDER FOR "SOO" RAILS

Canadian Pacific Makes Contract for 25,000 Tons.

A Montreal despatch says:—The Canadian Pacific Railway Company on Wednesday placed with the Algoma Steel Co., through the latter's sales agents, Drummond, McCall and Co., an order for 25,000 tons of 80-pound rails for prompt delivery. The order is the result of a careful technical inspection which the president of the C.P.R., Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, ordered to be made of the quality of steel rails now being made at the works of the Algoma Steel Company at Sault Ste. Marie.

NEW C. P. R. STEAMERS

Plans Will be Submitted Before Contract is Signed.

A Montreal despatch says:—Regarding the report that the Canadian Pacific Railway had ordered three additional vessels for its Atlantic fleet, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy said Saturday that the plans for the vessels would be submitted at the head office before the contracts are formally signed. Mr. Piers, the manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway service, has been in Great Britain for some weeks in connection with the matter.

SHUT DOWN AT ESQUIMAULT

Permanent Staff at Dockyards Will be Discharged.

A Victoria, B.C., despatch says:—Orders have been received at Esquimault that all the permanent staff, with one or two exceptions, will be discharged on March 1st next. Fred Davey, accountant of the works for the past twenty-five years, together with an officer in charge, are all of the staff that will be left.

The Porte has renewed its instructions to the provincial authorities to allow colporteurs to sell Bibles in the towns and villages in consequence of American and British representations.

necessary in order to keep breeding swine in a healthy condition and grow the stock at a profit. The man who tries to raise swine under other conditions is playing a losing game, and his balance will be on the debtor side of the ledger just as sure as we have day and night. Although these facts have been vouched for many times by experiment stations, and successful swine raisers and given wide publicity, thousands of farmers will continue in trying to raise hogs in a dry lot with nothing but corn as a feed, with the expectation of making a profit."

LEAN MEAT FOR HENS.

There is no doubt about meat making hens lay, but, as an exchange puts it, when feeding meat to hens do not use that portion which is fat. The object of feeding meat to hens is to supply them with nitrogen and not fat, as the grain contains all the fat and starch required by them. If fat is fed, it does not assist in any manner to provide material for eggs, but rather retards than assists laying. The cheap portions of beef, such as the neck, are better for fowls, than the choicest fat and lean steak. Blood is excellent for fowls and can be fed to them by mixing it with their soft food. The ordinary ground meat consists mostly of lean meat; as the meat is subjected to heavy pressure at a high temperature, most of the fat is removed. Bowkers' animal meat is treated in this manner, being thoroughly cooked, pressed and then ground up fine, bone and all. It requires about three pounds of the raw meat to make one pound of the meal because all the fat and moisture is pressed and dried out during the preparation. We know of no meat food so handy as this animal meat.

GOOD CARE OF HORSES.

Light work will do the brood mare no harm.

For sweency, blister with biniodide of mercury.

Merit is better than pedigree, but there is nothing to prevent a breeder trying for both.

Wean the colt at about five months old.

Four years is young enough for the mare to have her first colt.

It is not generally advisable to breed a small mare with a large horse.

Hurry and worry kills more horses than hard work.

Horses compelled to do hard work should have the best treatment possible.

When a horse does not eat all that is given him, it should not be allowed to sour in the box.

It should not be one breed of horses against another so much as the well bred against the scrub.

Kinship and gentle persuasion are the best weapons to correct the pernicious habit of shying.

Condition of sire and dam is the cause of improved reproduction, and the turning point in procreation.

Different horses require different methods of training, different appliances and different handling.

With a horse, hard work or quick driving should not be done on a full stomach.

Horses just taken from the pasture, are not in condition for long drives or hard work.

Breed to the horse that has the power to transmit his own vitality and blood to his progeny.

The strength and durability of the horse depends very much upon the kind of feed they get.

A few days' work when out of condition, will injure a horse more than a month's usage when all right.

Gentleness should rule every action in handling young horses. Harshness always creates fear and anger, and should never be tolerated.

You can better afford to starve your horses at any other time than during the first year of their existence. A stunned colt seldom makes a well developed horse.

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better." JACOB SHULL, Saratoga, Ind.

25c., 50c., \$1.00. All druggists.

Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

The Napanee Express

E. J. POLLARD.

EDITOR and PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 50 per line for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the rate will be 100 per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO

Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents.

Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

CHANGE OF CLUB RATES.

On and after 1st December, 1903, the following will be the Club Rates:

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Montreal Weekly Herald...	\$1.00
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Globe.....	\$1.50
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star.....	\$1.65
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Semi-Weekly Whig.....	\$1.65
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Witness.....	\$1.50
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Sun.....	\$1.65
Any three of the above papers.....	\$2.40
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Daily Toronto Star.....	\$1.80

Gamey the political contortionist has challenged Hon. Mr. McKay to meet him on the public platform. We think we read once a long time ago about a skunk that dared a dog to come under the barn and have it out. No one wondered that the dog declined the invitation.

By the way is Mr. Carscallen very proud of his associates in the Legislative assembly? Could he find no worthier companion to chum with than the man from Manitoulin? Is the political atmosphere to be purified by introducing to the electors of Lennox a man who in vulgar language attacks defenceless women and assaults our most respected judges upon the bench? Thank you, Mr. Carscallen.

paper he launches forth a few poisoned arrows at Mr. Ross. Men who in a political sense might esteem it the greatest honor to be permitted to sleep in Mr. Ross, dog-kennel or to be on friendly terms with his cat speak of that Honorable gentleman in language that would not be used towards an ordinary criminal. Do these puny political hucksters ever stop to think that after the world has forgotten that they ever lived the people of Canada moved by love and veneration will be erecting stately monuments to the memory of the Hon. Mr. Ross? The only object attained by these people whose only argument is abuse, is to excite the disgust of all decent people.

The only argument we hear advanced as a reason why the Tories should be returned to power in Ontario is that it is time for a change. Has the Province of Ontario prospered under liberal rule? All admit that it has. Have our finances been economically handled? The fact that Mr. Whitney and his predecessors have never pointed out the improper expenditure of a single dollar is the highest compliment that can be paid the management of the finances of our Province. Are we abreast of the times with our legislation? Imitation is the sincerest flattery. The other provinces and the states of the union to the south of us are modelling many of their public institutions after the Province of Ontario. Why then one asks is it time for a change? We invariably hear the reply that the other fellows should have a chance. This naturally invites one to enquire who the other fellows are and what it is they want a chance to do. The other fellows are J. P. Whitney, R. R. Gamey etc. What particular claim has Mr. Whitney to the Premiership? What has he ever said or done to entitle him to any greater distinction than the hundreds of other third and fourth rate lawyers we find in every village of Ontario? It is true he can lose his temper, tear his shirt and abuse the grits and barring Mr. Gamey and the man in the little back room of the Mail and Empire office can use more superlative adjectives expressive of horror contempt, disgust, and fear of assassination than any other man outside the profession of pugilism. Does this count for much in a legislator? The people of Ontario don't think so. Now what is it these fellows want a chance to do? We have always regarded our officials as among our most respectable citizens. If a man is pointed out as a County Crown Attorney, sheriff, a registrar or other court official it is customary to take it for granted that he is a gentleman and entitled to some respect in the community. But Mr. Whitney terms these gentlemen as the fee-fed officials, the hot-bed of corruption, the herd of servile followers, the operators of the polluted election machinery, the accomplices of criminals etc. and we hear a shout go up from Mr. Whitney's followers "turn the rascals out." That is the chance that is wanted. A chance to turn these hungry followers loose upon the public offices of the province. When Mr. Whitney learns toleration, and ceases to term the liberals and the liberal leaders scoundrels and hypocrites. When he recognized the fact that all the black sheep are not in one party, then it will be time enough to raise the childish argument "it is time for a change." Something more is required of Mr. Whitney before he can hope to aspire towards the Premiership of Ontario. He must not only acquire some legislative ability himself but he must surround himself with men who in their respective callings are recognized as having at least a third class standing. With perhaps one exception the men who aspire to portfolios in Mr. Whitney's cabinet are men who have

TORY FRAUDS.

It is worth while to recall in connection with the Belleville ballot frauds in which, the offenders being liberals, the tories are moving heaven and earth to connect the governments, both federal and local, with the outrages, that the manipulation of ballots was reduced to a science by tory workers years ago, and in no case was any effort made in tory circles to get at the guilty parties. In Haldimand in 1891 trick ballots were used by agents of the tory candidate; in Manitoba in 1896 the use of a piece of lead pencil concealed under the finger nail, with which to put an extra cross on liberal ballots and to spoil them, was taught to the deputy returning officers by one Freeborn, who confessed the trick, and that he got his instructions at Toronto headquarters. The same year ballot boxes were opened in North Ontario and tory ballots substituted for grit ones, though the fellows who worked the oracle forgot to fold the substitute ballots which gave the snap away. No later than last January there were wholesale ballot frauds in Toronto. All perpetrated in favor of tory candidates for municipal offices by tory deputies who got jailed for the offence though without tory assistance to any extent. But this kind of thing doesn't pay. Not one of the men for whom these frauds were perpetrated are in the house to-day, and the stupid frauds attempted in Frontenac and Hastings will consign the principals to permanent oblivion in the political world.

Proved Priceless.—Kuby coats and cinnamon flavor. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are household favorites. Impurities leave the system. The nerves are toned. The blood is purified. The complexion is bright and ruddy. Headaches vanish and perfect health follows their use. 40 doses 10 cents.—101. Sold by Fred L. Hooper.

SLANDER FROM THE BENCH.

The deliverance of the Belleville magistrate who has been conducting the ballot box conspiracy, is a gross travesty of justice.

That a foul conspiracy existed to defraud the electorate no one can dispute, and the strictures passed upon Shibley, Lott and Rielly, the principals in the plot, are none too severe.

But this Magistrate has gone out of his way to vilify men as to whom there is not a tittle of evidence connecting them with the crime. Magistrate Wood has been for many years an active conservative politician and has been a member of the Legislature. The defendants in the present action protested that he was not a proper person to conduct such an examination. They were more than justified in their protest as the sequel shows.

All the laws of evidence were cast aside, and the magistrate has made hearsay testimony the pretext for a disgracefully partisan pronouncement in which he throws slurs and imputations upon men who have been denied the opportunity of clearing themselves. Here is a specimen passage from his report:

"The scheme seems so far as B. O. Lott is concerned to have originated at Toronto, for the evidence of Phil. Lott shows that B. O. Lott told him that one James Vance, a liberal organizer, had made arrangements for bogus ballot boxes."

Mr. Vance disowned all knowledge of the conspiracy, and went to Belleville anxious to give testimony, but the prosecution after summoning him as a witness, refused to put him in the box. Yes this magistrate throws justice and fair play to the winds by insinuating that Mr. Vance originated the plot. It is a shameless attempt to associate the central liberal organization with a crime that has been traced

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



Ladies' Favorite. Is the only safe, reliable regulator on which woman can depend "in the hour and time of need."

Prepared in two degrees of strength. No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1.—For ordinary cases is by far the best dollar medicine known. No. 2.—For special cases—10 degrees stronger—three dollars per box.

Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all pills, mixtures and imitations are dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Napanee by Neilson & Robinson, T. A. Huffman, J. J. Perry, F. L. Hooper and Thos. B. Wallace.

Having trouble with your lantern globes breaking? You can get one at WALLACE'S that heat can't break.

It cures all creeds.—Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all it claims. Bishop Sweatman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers (Methodist); and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. 50cts.—105. Sold by Fred F. Hooper.

GODPARENTS.

An Ancient Institution, Doubtless of Jewish Origin.

We must doubtless look to the Jews for the origin of godfathers and godmothers. The use of them in the primitive church is so early that it is not easy to fix a time for their beginning. Some of the most ancient fathers make mention of them, and through all the successive ages afterward we find the use of them continued without any interruption. By a constitution of Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, 1236, and in a synod held at Worcester, 1240, a provision was made that there should be for every male child two godfathers and one godmother and for every female one godfather and two godmothers. King Henry VIII., referring to the Princess Elizabeth, says: My lord of Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me. That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism. You must be godfather and answer for her.

—"Henry VIII., Act 5, Scene 3.

A constitution of 1281 makes provision for a Christian name being changed at confirmation. This is practically a renaming of the child. The manner in which it was done was for the bishop to use the name in the invocation and afterward for him to sign a certificate that he had so confirmed a person by such new name. It is possible that this practice might have been in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote: Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized. Henceforth I never will be Romeo. —"Romeo and Juliet," Act 2, Scene 2.

—Westminster Review.

Tired of Being Fired.

Peter was a good workman, but he would go on sprees. His employer was lenient, but when Peter turned up after having been absent for a couple of days without leave he discharged him. But Peter did not take his discharge seriously and went back to work as usual. Again he went on a spree, and again he was discharged and taken back. These little escapades had been repeated four or five times within a couple of years, when Peter walked into the shop one morning looking much the worse for his celebration. "See here," said the employer, "you are discharged." "Look here," said Peter, "I am tired of this. If I am fired again I'll quit the job." And he went

proud of his associates in the Legislative assembly? Could he find no worthier companion to chum with than the man from Manitoulin? Is the political atmosphere to be purified by introducing to the electors of Lennox a man who in vulgar language attacks defenceless women and assails our most respected judges upon the bench? Thank you Mr. Carscallen but if this is a sample of the men you think should be sent to Parliament the people of Lennox won't agree with you. If this is the best illustration of the purity of the conservative party you can present to your friends at home, that party is past hope. If Mr. Carscallen expects the people of Lennox to help him make ministers of the crown of men of the stamp of Gamey he misjudges the self-respect of the decent people of this old riding.

Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. Geo. Brown and Hon. Alex. McKenzie were the objects of the wrath of the yellow journals of the conservative party when they were giving the best years of their lives to their country. Now they are referred to as patterns that any man is safe in copying, by the same papers that were untiring in their abuse when these honorable gentlemen moved among us. The Hon. Geo. W. Ross is now the recipient of the slander of the Tory press. When any editor lacks matter to supply copy for his

of Mr. Whitney's before he can hope to aspire towards the Premiership of Ontario. He must not only acquire some legislative ability himself but he must surround himself with men who in their respective callings are recognized as having at least a third class standing. With perhaps one exception the men who aspire to portfolios in Mr. Whitney's cabinet are men who have been most dismal failures in their respective callings. Mr. Whitney must also appease the hunger of his greedy followers in some other way. The people of Ontario would not tolerate the wolfish scramble there would be for offices if Mr. Whitney were returned to power. It is a notorious fact that the Tories are quarrelling among themselves already as to the disposition of the several offices that would be in the gift of Mr. Whitney if such a calamity were to happen as the defeat of the Ross government. No Mr. Whitney, Mr. Gamey and Mr. Carscallen the people of Ontario are not ready to let you into power yet nor until you learn some of the primary lessons of politics. Prove yourselves first worthy of the trust you are seeking then perhaps the country will let you try your hand at governing.

We do not remember having seen a copy of that speech delivered by Mr. Carscallen when in parliament. Can it be that even Mr. Carscallen could not see any fault in the government? If he did it must have been so trifling that he did not think it worth his while to say anything about it. The only speech we can recall at present is the one made in the witness box. One can imagine him rehearsing that speech before the trial. It would be about as follows—

Counsel—Now Thomas did you get any money from any outside source for your election?

Mr. C.—Not much sir, I only got a little.

Counsel—Now Tommy how much did you get?

Mr. C.—Well I got \$500 from a few friends in Ontario of naturally conservative leanings.

Counsel—Any more Tom ay?

Mr. C.—Mr. Wilson gave me some and my cousin sent me some.

Counsel—What was the money to be used for?

Mr. C.—I don't know.

Counsel—What did you do with this money?

Mr. C.—I put it in a trunk under my bed. I was afraid it might be stolen if I put it in a bank.

Counsel—Did you spend any of the money?

Mr. C.—Not on my election. I bought a few coffins with some of it.

Counsel—How much?

Mr. C.—I don't know.

Counsel—How much is left?

Mr. C.—I don't know.

Counsel—Where is it?

Mr. C.—I don't know.

Counsel—Where is the trunk?

Mr. C.—I don't know.

Counsel—Was any money used for corrupt purposes in your election?

Mr. C.—No Sir! I'm surprised you should ask such a question.

Counsel—Were you at Bath?

Mr. C.—Yes Sir.

Counsel—Where is Bath?

Mr. C.—In the Township of Richmond.

Counsel—What is a grit?

Mr. C.—A mean contentable corrupt individual who if he got money before an election would buy votes with it.

Counsel—What is a conservative?

Mr. C.—(folding his hands on his breast and raising his eyes towards heaven) a virtuous, patriotic, pious, gentleman who would scorn to buy a vote.

Counsel—That will do Tommy.

of the conspiracy, and went to Belleville anxious to give testimony, but the prosecution after summoning him as a witness, refused to put him in the box. Yes this magistrate throws justice and fair play to the winds by insinuating that Mr. Vance originated the plot. It is a shameless attempt to associate the central liberal organization with a crime that has been traced to two or three hare-brained individuals, acting on their own responsibility and initiative.

In another place this impartial jurist goes out of his way to besmirch Hon. J. R. Stratton, the favorite but somewhat stale device of every Tory politician. He indulges in a Pecksniffian lament over the "steady decline of public honor," and expresses the hope that the present case will make "the saving remnant of honorable men in the province," awake to "the seriousness of the position." When a magistrate degrades his office by using it to bludgeon innocent men he is not doing much to raise the standard of public morals.

"My Physicians told me I must Die, but South American Kidney cure cured me of that awful Bright's Disease." This is a sentence from a letter of a well known business man in a western town who through overwork and worry had contracted this kidney pestilence. It will relieve instantly and cure all kidney diseases.—102 Sold by Fred L. Hooper.

PIGEON COURTSHIP.

It Sometimes Leads to Battles That Result in Death.

On a south Jersey farm, which was the home of a thousand pigeons and which was conducted by a woman who had formerly been a bookkeeper in Philadelphia, was found one particular fly and coop which was the abiding place of young doves that had reached the mating season. Purposely these young birds were associated together so that they might select their life companions.

The interior of the walls of the coop were filled with boxes, and those pigeons which had mated would select one of these boxes for their home and nest.

This period of courtship is one filled with excitement for the birds. Two young pigeon cocks, having selected the same hen for a mate, have been known to fight to the death in their rivalry. The method of combat is peculiar. The beak and wings alone are used, the combatants catching each other with their beaks by the skin of the head and beating each other with their strong wings.

Having once chosen his mate, the dove, with an occasional exception, remains constant to her through life. The occasional instances of infidelity cause discord in the coop, for when one pigeon tires of his mate and seeks another he meets a vigorous protest from the companion of the bird which he covets. When they have agreed to spend their lives together Mr. and Mrs. Dove select a box and the laying begins. The parent birds may then be less than eight months old.—Era Magazine.

Discontent.

The peacock heard the nightingale singing.

"That seems easy to do," said the big bird. "I'll see if I can't sing as well as that."

At the dismal squawk that followed a moment later every living thing within hearing distance fled in terror.

"Curses on my fatal gift of beauty!" exclaimed the peacock. "Why wasn't I made plain, like all the great musicians!"

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* The Kind You Have Always Bought

3 cakes Oatmeal Soap, 10c at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

back. These little escapades had been repeated four or five times within a couple of years, when Peter walked into the shop one morning looking much the worse for his celebration. "See here," said the employer, "you are discharged." "Look here," said Peter, "I am tired of this. If I am fired again I'll quit the job." And he went on about his work and has not been "fired" since.

Some London Streets.

In some of the older and narrower streets and alleys of London may be seen at each end two upright posts. At first it might be supposed that they served no more useful purpose than affording material for children to swing on. But they are used to indicate that the streets which are guarded by the posts are closed to wheeled traffic. Some of the thoroughfares in the poorer parts of London are so narrow that a large vehicle would do serious damage if it were driven along them, and as they are generally short cuts would be much used were they not protected.

Doing One's Duty.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

Business Education.

Business education is absolutely necessary now-a-days to start a business career, and the selection of the college that can give the necessary training is all-important.

The Picton Business College, of Picton, Ont., has the Dominion record for Scholarships sold by business colleges during the first year of their existence, and our graduate pupils are greatly in demand. Business men of New York, Boston, Montreal, Toronto, Rochester, and other large cities, report Picton graduates the best they ever employed.

Graduates of other colleges take our post graduate courses to become proficient. Write for catalogue and particulars to JNO. R. SAYERS, Principal and Proprietor,

Picton Business College,
Picton, Ont.

ON THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE RESTORED TO HEALTH BY A Wonderful Curative Liquid.

Composed of Healing gums, Balsams, Barks, Etc. This Compound is called the

O. R. KIDNEY CURE

Miss Emma Monroe, Trenton, Ont., says: "I suffered for a long time with nervousness and back-ache. I then got a distressing hacking cough, lost flesh, and felt very miserable every way."

I consulted two doctors; both said I had quick consumption and could only live a few weeks. A friend, who had used O. R. KIDNEY CURE, said she believed my trouble was due to weak kidneys. I commenced its use; and, before I had finished six bottles, I felt like a new girl. That was two years ago, and to-day I am perfectly well and happy.

O. R. KIDNEY CURE is sold by all druggists, 50c. a bottle; or write to

THE O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited,
2 Queen St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

SEED TIME

The experienced farmer has learned that some grains require far different soil than others; some crops need different handling than others. He knows that a great deal depends upon right planting at the right time, and that the soil must be kept enriched. No use of complaining in summer about a mistake made in the spring. Decide before the seed is planted:

The best time to remedy wasting conditions in the human body is before the evil is too deep rooted. At the first evidence of loss of flesh

Scott's Emulsion

should be taken immediately. There is nothing that will repair wasted tissue more quickly or replace lost flesh more abundantly than Scott's Emulsion. It nourishes and builds up the body when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

We will send you a sample free.



Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS

Toronto, Ont.

Sole and \$1; all druggists

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of
CHRISTMAS
BARGAINS.



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are a constant reminder of absent friends.

We can supply you with any magazine or paper published at clubbing prices.

GET—

MUNSEY,
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or some other equally good magazine. We are special agents for

LADIE'S
HOME
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POST

ASK FOR PRICES.

Do not fail to call TO-DAY and see the bargains whether you buy or not.

Doll formerly 35c reduced to 20c.

Dolls formerly 50c reduced to 30c.

Vases formerly \$1.00 reduced to 40c.

Vases formerly \$5.00 pr. reduced to \$1.50.

Cup and saucers formerly 10c, reduced to 5c.

Cup and saucers formerly 25c, reduced to 15c.

Cup and saucers formerly 50c, reduced to 30c.

Bibles 33 1-3 per cent off.

English church prayers 25 per cent off.

R. C. prayers, 25 per cent off.

Albums, regular \$2.00 for \$1.50

Albums regular \$1.50 for \$1.10.

Papeteries regular 25c for 20c.

Purses regular 75c for 55c.

Purses regular 55c for 25c.

Souvenir shells only 5c.

Mouth organs from 5c upward.

A Suitable and Acceptable Gift is a

FOUNTAIN
PEN.



We have the very best lines in the market, including

PARKERS'
WATERMANS
PREMIER
POST
RIVAL

Every Pen fully

Guaranteed.

BOOKS

New Titles,
New Authors,
Newest Styles,
and Bindings.

We have the finest line of

POETS.

Procurable.

Calenders, Christmas Cards, Picture Books, Games, Toys, and an endless variety of seasonable goods at special prices.

A. E. PAUL, at Pollard's Store.

variety of seasonable goods at special prices.

A. E. PAUL, at Pollard's Store.

Removed the Growth.

DOUGLAS & CO., NAPANEE, ONT.

DEAR SIRs,—During year 1890-91 I was troubled with a large lump growing on the right side of my neck near the ear. Had consulted several physicians and used everything I could hear of, all to no use. Was told to use

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment.

I did, and before I had used half a twenty-five cent bottle was permanently cured. Since then I have used it for everything where outward application is required; am yet to learn of anything in reason that I cannot cure with it. No man has any idea of its value until he has used it; would not be without it under any circumstance.

Respectfully yours,

NATHANIEL W. REID.

Enterprise P. O.

Awful Experience with Heart Disease
—Mr. L. J. Law, Toronto, Can., writes: I was so sorely troubled with heart disease that I was unable for 18 months to lie down in bed lest I smother. After taking one dose of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure, I retired and slept soundly. I used one bottle and the trouble has not returned.
—99 Sold by Fred L. Hooper.

A Humorous English Sheriff.
A sheriff with a fine sense of humor was he who, having been reproved by the judge of a certain court for presenting a jury not sufficiently respectable, read out at the subsequent session the following list, with a suitable emphasis upon the last names of the jurors: Max King, Henry Prince, George Duke, William Marquis, Edward Earl, Richard Lord, Richard Baron, Edmund Knight, Peter Esquire, George Gentleman, Robert Yeoman, Stephen Pope, Humphrey Cardinal, William Bishop, John Abbot, Richard Friar, Henry Monk, Edward Priest and Richard Deacon. After the laughter had subsided the presiding judge, accepting the joke in good part, complimented the witty sheriff upon his cleverness.

Apple Eating.

A good ripe raw apple is one of the easiest substances for the stomach to manage, and while the apple is worth more as a health giver in its natural state it is also exceedingly wholesome cooked. Apple sauce eaten with pork assists in the digestion of the meat, and many persons who cannot eat pork without discomfort can do so if accompanied with plenty of well cooked apple sauce not too sweet.

Liquid Quarts.

Willie—Pa, how many quarts does it take to make a peck? Pa—It all depends, my son. Less than one quart, for instance, will sometimes make a "peck of trouble."—Exchange.

Children like fun, but they care little for it in books. An uncle on his hands and knees is worth all the written words of the humorists.—F. F. O'Connor.

WINDMILLS.

Europe Got Them From the East Through the Crusaders.

It is supposed that the crusaders brought the idea of using the wind to grind corn or raise water back with them from the east.

Early writers record their widespread employment in Europe in the twelfth century. Beckmann gives an instance of one at Pipewell abbey, Northamptonshire, in 1143, and we also read of one, about 1190, at Haverdon, in Suffolk. Another early instance of an English windmill is that in which Richard, earl of Cornwall, took refuge after the battle of Lewes in 1264. In the famous song connected with that event the "sayles" of the "muhne" are mentioned, showing that it really was a windmill.

The oldest windmill in Belgium and probably the oldest in Europe, the historic "Grand Moulin de Silly," was totally destroyed by the great storm at the end of January, 1900, after a continuous existence since the eleventh century. It is said to have been built by Otto von Trazegnies, the crusading lord of Silly, in 1011.

Landseer's Witty Comment.

Several years ago a London Hebrew, Abraham Solomon, painted a stirring picture, "Waiting For the Verdict," which was exhibited at the Royal academy. The artist, not being a Royal academician, entitled to annex R. A. to his name, had his painting "skied." All the pictures contributed by that august fraternity were, as usual, hung on the line. Thomas Landseer was in ecstasies as he beheld the thrilling scene depicted on the canvas and exclaimed, "There is Solomon in all his glory, but not R. A.'d like one of these!"

Sore Throat and Coughs

A simple, effective and safe remedy for all throat irritations is found in

Cresolene Antiseptic Tablets

They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice.
10c. All Druggists

"I Believe it to be the most effective Remedy for the Stomach and Nerves on the market," is what Annie Paterson, of Sackville, N.B., says of South American Nerve, for, she says, La Grippe and the complications which followed it left her next to dead with Indigestion, Dyspepsia and General nervous shattering. It cured her.—100 Sold by Fred L. Hooper.

Meals at One Time Were Regulated by Statute in England.

On Nov. 2, 1336, a law came into force in England for the regulation of meals and continued to have a place on the statute book until 1857. It was designed to check the evils resulting from an excessive use of costly meats and enacted that no one should partake at any place or time (except on specified festivals and holidays) to the number of sixteen days a year) of more than two courses, each not consisting of more than two sorts of victuals, either flesh or fish, with the common sorts of pottage, and inexpensive sauce. On named feast days three courses were allowed.

This law was an extension of an ordinance issued by Edward II. in 1315 regulating the meals of his nobles, the greater of whom were allowed in addition to two courses of two kinds of meat a side dish of one sort.

An act of 1363 enacts that servants, artisans and laborers "shall be served to eat and drink once a day of flesh or fish and remnant of other victuals, as of butter, milk and cheese, according to their station in life."—London Telegraph.

To Make a Bride



Many a woman would make a beautiful bride but she is deterred from entering the married state because of ill-health.

\$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

The proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"If women would study the laws of health and use a little more common sense there would not be such a large number to-day suffering with the ills peculiar to our sex," writes Mrs. Bessie Martina (President Mutual Social Science Club), of 180 South Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill. "Then when medicine is needed if they would take the 'Favorite Prescription,' they would have a chance to get well. I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three years ago and it cured me of female weakness of several years' standing, so I know what I am talking about when I praise it and always know what the result will be where it is used."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

T. B. GERMAN,

Barrister and Solicitor,

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES.

OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street, 21-6m Napanee.

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.

Physician Surgeon, etc.

Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital.

Office—North side of Dundas Street, between West and Robert Streets, Napanee. 517

A. S. ASHLEY,

.....DENTIST.....

34 YEARS EXPERIENCE

21 YEARS IN NAPANEE

Rooms above Mowat's Dry Goods Store, Napanee.

H. M. DEROCHE, K. C.

Barrister,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Office—Grange Block.

Money to loan at "lower than the lowest rate."

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE.

Barristers, etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES

Office—Warner Block, Opposite Post Office. 53



DR. C. H. WARTMAN
DENTIST.

It will be impossible for me to continue the out of town visits, but if our friends at Yarker and Tarnworth will do me the favor of coming to my office in Napanee, I will do my best to please them. All work guaranteed first class.

CARLETON WOODS.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Robin, Ont.

E. J. POLLARD,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Express Office, Napanee
Strictly Private and Confidential.

JOHN ALLEN,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Commissioner in H. C. J.
Conveyancer, etc.
MARLBANK.

141

Silent Japanese Women.

Japan has its communities of silent female recluses. There is a convent at a place called Yunakawa, about seven miles from Hakodate. A matron of some fifty years presides, and her instructions are implicitly obeyed. The women are all young, ranging from sixteen to twenty-seven, and some of them are described as very beautiful. The building stands in a farm of some 250 acres, but the women do not engage in any agricultural work. They spend most of their time indoors, and they observe a strict rule of silence.

Lost on a Foul.

"Have you a taste for music?" asked Miss Chilbeen of Boston.

"I don't know," replied the millionaire mine owner's daughter from Lead-pipe Gulch. "I never tasted any, but I like to hear it played."

That ended it, for Miss Chilbeen was down and out for twenty minutes, though she afterward claimed that she lost on a foul.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS • CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Recipe of Dr. J. C. FLETCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rochelle Salts -
Sassafras -
Peppermint -
4th Carbamate Soda -
Warm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Vanilla Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
Always Bought

Bears the
Signature

of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A WINNING SCHEME.

The Power of Timid Beauty to Disarm Wrathful Shoppers.

A woman whose stern visage spelled trouble, says the Philadelphia Record, stepped up to the complaint desk in a big store. Back of the desk was a timid miss—one of those Dresden doll girls who never seem to lose their baby ways—and at the sight of the wrathful shopper she seemed to shrink a bit, while into her wide blue eyes came what the poets would style the look of a startled fawn. The indignant customer began a tirade about some mistake that had been made in connection with a purchase, but her anger disappeared when she saw how much the shopgirl seemed to take the matter to heart. Finally, after calmly explaining the fault, she went away smiling. "It's a great scheme," remarked the observant manager with the air of a man bestowing bouquets on himself. "You see, in every large business establishment there are bound to be mistakes occurring all the time. When customers come back and kick about errors they are usually in an unreasonable frame of mind. If there was a man back of the complaint desk or a strong-minded woman, we'd have all kinds of trouble smoothing out the kinks, because the customers would keep their fighting mood on when they encountered somebody who looked able to take care of himself. But to go up against a pretty, timid girl disarms them, and in a minute they are cool and ready to talk over the situation peaceably. The men kickers do not raise a row with a handsome girl, and the women—well, their motherly instincts are touched and they become good humored."

they made wry faces, for it was nothing but warm water.

"What is this you offer us, oh, Nasr Eddin?" the strangers said reproachfully.

"The host replied:

"Oh, that is the sauce of the sauce of the hare."

Moving Pictures and Seasickness.

Successive pictures have been taken at intervals during an ocean voyage to show the life aboard ship, the swing of the great seas and the rolling and pitching of the steamer. The heaving and swing of the steamer and the mountainous waves have been so realistically shown on the screen in the theater that some squeamish spectators have been made almost seasick. It might be comforting to those who were made unhappy by the sight of the heaving seas to know that the operator who took one series of sea pictures, when lashed with his machine in the lookout place on the foremast of the steamer, suffered terribly from seasickness and would have been glad enough to set his foot on solid ground; nevertheless he stuck to his post and completed the series.—From "Stories of Inventors," by Russell Doubleday.

The Voice of the Worldly.

"Poverty is no disgrace," said the romantic young woman.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "and it is no great recommendation either."

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.—Richter.

THE AMATEUR IN SPORTS.

He Is One Who Plays Only For the Pleasure of Playing.

An amateur is one who plays for pleasure only. He can play with whom he pleases, so long as he plays for pleasure alone. He may play with or against a team which is being paid or playing for gate money. He may play with professionals or against them. There is no reason why an amateur should not play in any company he pleases so long as he enjoys it, provided he plays only for that reason. The professional is one who engages in athletics for a livelihood. This, however, would not make a professional baseball player a professional tennis player. Experience has taught that, as a rule, men who are playing for a livelihood—that is, for money—place a small value on pleasure and are ready to mar the game by quarreling, trickery or unfair dealing. It is only when the professional hurts the pleasure of the game that he is objectionable. This is not the distinction perceived by our makers of rules, who have been so absorbed in the money, summer baseball and summer board question that they failed to notice how rapidly they were creating in the amateur world all the unpleasant characteristics of the professional, the most notable of which is quarrelsomeness and making a business of it all.

The colleges for their athletic intercourse need only the common rule that an amateur is one who has received no compensation for his athletic skill, that those who have received such compensation are professionals and that professionals are barred. With all subscribing to this simple rule and living up to it only an agreement to meet annually each year for a certain period would be further needed.

"We," the stranger explained, "are friends of the man who gave you the hare."

"Nasr Eddin welcomed the visitors warmly, and they stayed two weeks. They had not been gone long when another family of strangers arrived.

"Whom have I the honor to receive?" said Nasr Eddin.

"Friends of the friends of the man who gave you the hare," was the reply. "Nasr Eddin looked grave. He did not invite these guests indoors. He served them on the lawn with cups of some clear fluid. Tasting this fluid,

ABUSE OF HOSPITALITY.

The Way It Was Rebuked by an Oriental Philosopher.

"Hospitality is an excellent thing," said the story teller, "but it is open to abuse. Let me tell you how the oriental hospitality of Nasr Eddin, a great man of the east, was abused many years ago.

"From a distant village a poor man came to Nasr Eddin and made him a present of a hare. Nasr Eddin was delighted with his gift. The poor man of the strength of it stayed with him a month.

"A short time after a stranger came with his entire family to Nasr Eddin's house.

"We," the stranger explained, "are friends of the man who gave you the hare."

"Nasr Eddin welcomed the visitors warmly, and they stayed two weeks.

"They had not been gone long when another family of strangers arrived.

"Whom have I the honor to receive?" said Nasr Eddin.

"Friends of the friends of the man who gave you the hare," was the reply.

"Nasr Eddin looked grave. He did not invite these guests indoors. He served them on the lawn with cups of some clear fluid. Tasting this fluid,

Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time. No. 28 Taking effect Nov. 1st, 1904.

Bannockburn and Tamworth to Napanee and Deseronto.									
Stations	Miles	No. 12	No. 40	No. 4	No. 6				
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.				
Lve Bannockburn	0	6:00	6:00	1:40	1:40				
Albans	5	6:15	6:15	1:50	1:50				
Queensboro	8	6:25	6:25	2:05	2:05				
Bridgewater	14	6:40	6:40	2:25	2:25				
Art Tweed	20	6:55	6:55	2:45	2:45				
Lve Tweed	7:00	7:25	7:25	2:55	2:55				
Stoco	21	7:10	7:35	3:05	3:05				
Larking	21	7:25	7:55	3:20	3:20				
Marbank	23	7:40	8:15	3:40	3:40				
Erinsville	37	7:55	8:35	3:55	3:55				
Tamworth	40	8:10	9:19	4:20	4:15				
Wilson	44	8:25	9:35	4:40	4:35				
Enterprise	48	8:40	9:50	5:00	4:55				
Mudlake Bridge	51	8:55	10:05	5:15	5:10				
Moscow	51	8:57	9:50	5:12	5:07				
Galbraith	53	9:10	10:00	5:30	5:25				
Yarker	55	9:25	10:15	5:45	5:40				
Lve Yarker	55	10:10	3:05	5:25	5:20				
Camden East	55	10:25	3:15	5:40	5:35				
Thomson's Mills	60	10:40	3:30	5:55	5:50				
Newburgh	61	10:55	3:45	6:10	6:05				
Strathcona	62	11:10	3:55	6:25	6:20				
Napanee	69	11:25	4:10	6:40	6:35				
Lve Napanee	69	11:40	4:25	6:55	6:50				
Deseronto	78	11:55	4:40	7:10	7:05				

Deseronto and Napanee to Sydenham and Kingston.									
Stations	Miles	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7				
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.				
Lve Deseronto	0	7:00	7:00	1:40	1:40				
Arr Napanee	9	7:20	7:20	1:50	1:50				
Lve Napanee	9	7:30	7:30	2:00	2:00				
Strathcona	17	8:05	8:05	2:35	2:35				
Newburgh	17	8:15	8:15	2:45	2:45				
Thomson's Mills	18	8:30	8:30	2:55	2:55				
Camden East	19	8:40	8:40	3:05	3:05				
Arr Yarker	19	8:45	8:45	3:10	3:10				
Lve Yarker	19	8:55	8:55	3:20	3:20				
Frontenac	23	9:05	9:05	3:30	3:30				
Arr Harrowsmith	30	9:10	9:10	3:40	3:40				
Lve Harrowsmith	30	9:20	9:20	3:50	3:50				
Sydenham	34	9:30	9:30	4:00	4:00				
Strathcona	34	9:40	9:40	4:10	4:10				
Napanee	40	10:00	10:00	4:30	4:30				
Lve Napanee	40	10:10	10:10	4:40	4:40				
Deseronto	49	10:20	10:20	4:50	4:50				

LOCAL WORKING TIME TABLE.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS & C.

Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken throughout Canada & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

Camden East	30	9 15	3 15	0 00	Arr	Barrow	30	9 10	0 30
Thomson's Mills	31		Sydenham	34	6 10
Newburgh	32	9 30	3 25	5 45	Lve	Harrowsmith	35	9 10
Strathcona	34	9 45	3 35	5 58		Murvale	35	9 22
Napanee	40	10 00	3 50	6 15		Glenvale	39	9 32
Napanee, West End	40	6 35		G. T. R. Junction	47	9 50
Deseronto	49	6 55	Arr	Kinston	49	10 00

LOCAL WORKING TIME TABLE.

NAPANEE to DESERONTO and PICTON.					PICTON to DESERONTO and NAPANEE.				
TRAINS		STEAMERS			STEAMERS		TRAINS		
Leave Napanee	Arrive Deseronto	Leave Deseronto	Arrive Picton		Leave Picton	Arrive Deseronto	Leave Deseronto	Arrive Napanee	
2 15 a.m.	2 35 a.m.	7 00 a.m.	8 30 a.m.		6 00 a.m.	7 30 a.m.	9 50 a.m.	10 10 a.m.	
3 35 "	3 55 "				10 00 a.m.	11 30 a.m.	11 45 a.m.	12 05 p.m.	
6 35 "	6 55 "						7 45 p.m.	8 10 "	
7 35 "	8 15 "						7 40 "	8 00 "	
10 35 "	10 55 "	1 40 p.m.	3 10 p.m.				12 50 a.m.	1 10 a.m.	
1 10 p.m.	1 30 p.m.				4 00 p.m.	5 30 p.m.	2 50 "	3 10 "	
4 30 "	4 50 "	5 30 p.m.	7 00 p.m.				6 00 "	6 20 "	
6 50 "	7 10 "						7 00 "	7 20 "	
6 55 "	7 15 "	7 00 a.m.	8 30 a.m.				7 20 "	7 40 "	

*Daily. All other trains run daily (Sundays excepted).

E. WALTER RATHBURN, President. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent. D. A. VALLEAU, Asst. Superintendent.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communication sent directly to our office. Handbook of Patents sent free. Gaiest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A Magnificent Illustrated Weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

Munn & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

When Baby had Scald Head—When Mother had Salt Rheum—When Father had Piles.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment gave the quickest relief relief and surest cure. These are facts of truth picked from testimony which is given every day to this greatest of healers. It has never been matched in curative qualities in Eczema, Tetter, Piles, etc. 35 cents.—103. Sold by Fred L. Hooper.

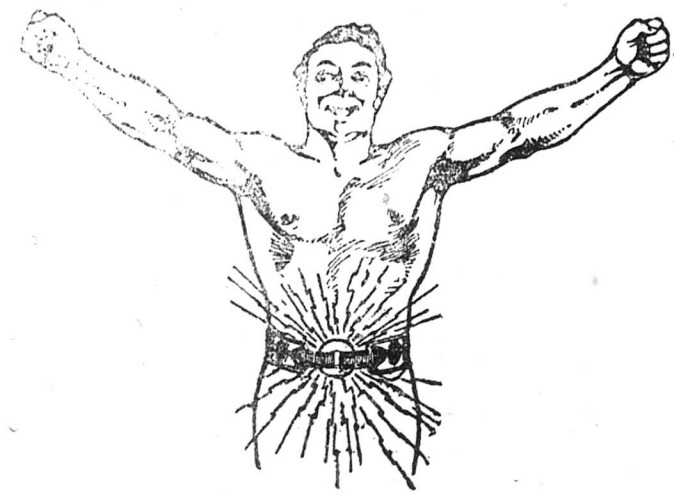
HALL'S

VEGETABLE SICILIAN

Hair Renewer

A splendid tonic for the hair, makes the hair grow long and heavy. Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color of youth. Stops falling hair, also. Sold for fifty years.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send \$1.00 to R. F. HALL & CO., BOSTON, N. H.



TO SUFFERING HUMANITY.

I am going to be in Napanee for 12 days with my celebrated Electric Belt, and want every suffering man or woman to call and see me. I come with one of the greatest inventions of the century. I sell electricity and teach the sufferer how to intelligently use it. You have heard many things' no doubt, about Electric Belts, what they have done and what they have not done, but you have never seen one like what I have, this is newly invented. The market is full of all sorts of trash called Electric Belts, they are charged with acid or vinegar: reason will tell anyone that sort of charging will never give a lasting current of electricity. Just imagine, electricity generated from vinegar or acid, a current of any consequence cannot be gotten. My dear people, Electricity is the life of the human being, and without it no man or woman can have life or feel good. Every ambitious turn you make comes from the Electricity you have in your body. I will give it to you, I will give you a free treatment if you call, and convince you I can do what I say I can. If you have been a sufferer and the doctor has not been able to tell you what your trouble is, come to me, I will tell you just what ails you and give you a free treatment, to show I know what I am talking about. No one is expected to buy unless they wish, I simply take this style of advertising, make the statement that I carry the only genuine Electric Belt in the world to-day and want to prove it to you by giving you a trial treatment. Now you may ask, what do I cure? I cure nothing, Electricity does it. My appliance can be placed to any part of the body, legs or arms and will give any current. The treatment can be taken in belt form, hand treatment, foot treatment or Electrical Massage treatment.

To weak men, who have suffered for years, no matter how long standing, I say my belt will cure you. I have a special attachment for treating such cases. People with rheumatism, come to me and let me show you what I can do, I will relieve you in 15 minutes, not cure you understand with the one treatment, but will in a reasonable time positively cure you. Nervous trouble, people who cannot sleep at night, I want to see also. What would one give who suffers in this way, if they could get something to make them sleep. Electricity will do it. It quiets the nerves, sends a nice soothing current through the blood, refreshing every organ in the body.

Men have you varicocoele? Have you suffered for years with the dreadful trouble? If you have come and let me help you. I can do it, my appliance will start the blood circulating through the knotted veins and in a short time, restoring them to their natural position. I have only been at work a short time, but have done great benefit to suffering humanity. I can do just as much for you. Remember, I ask no money for trial treatment. I am simply advertising, want a chance to show I can do what I say I can. This cures any form of private weakness to man or woman. Rheumatism, varicocoele, kidney or bladder trouble, nervous and stomach trouble, liver complaint, paralysis, stiffness in the joints, arms or legs, poor circulation, and generally tones up the whole system. Take more electricity and less medicine. This is a chance of a life time for the people of Napanee and surrounding country, and be sure to take advantage of it. Don't forget the day,

JANUARY 3rd, UNTIL SATURDAY, 14th,

At the Campbell House, Napanee.

Ask for **J. GILMOUR LANGLEY.**

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

How Marconi Received His First Transatlantic Message.

One cold December day in 1901 Guglielmo Marconi sat still in a room in the government building at Signal Hill, St. John's, N. F., with a telephone receiver at his ear and his eye on the clock that ticked loudly near by. Overhead flew his kite bearing his receiving wire. It was 12:30 o'clock on the American side of the ocean, and Marconi had ordered his operator in far-off Poldhu, 2,000 watery miles away, to begin signaling the letter S—three dots of the Morse code, three flashes of the bluish sparks at that corresponding hour. For six years he had been looking forward to and working for that moment, the final test of all his effort and the beginning of a new triumph. He sat waiting to hear three small sounds, the br-br-br of the Morse code S, humming on the diaphragm of his receiver, the signature of the other waves that had traveled 2,000 miles to his listening ear. As the hands of the clock, whose ticking alone broke the stillness of the room, reached thirty minutes past 12 the receiver at the inventor's ear began to hum, br-br-br, as distinctly as the sharp rap of a pencil on a table. The unmistakable note of the other vibrations sounded in the telephone receiver. The telephone receiver was used instead of the usual recorder on account of its superior sensitiveness.

Transatlantic wireless telegraphy was an accomplished fact.—From "Stories of Inventors," by Russell Doubleday.

THE PORTABLE WATCH.

It Was Probably First Used in the Sixteenth Century.

There is uncertainty as to when the portable watch, as we understand it today, came into use. It was probably at the close of the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth owned a large number of watches. Mary, queen of Scots, was the possessor of a skull shaped watch. In fact, the "death's head" pattern was at that time much in vogue. Endless were the styles, for there were watches shaped like books, pears, butterflies and tulips. The Nuremberg egg was a special shape and was first made in 1600. Those queer shapes of watches prevented their finding a place in the pocket. When was the fob first used in the dress of man? The German of fob is "fuppe," and it is believed that it came from England through the Puritans, "whose dislike for display may have induced them to conceal their timekeepers from the public gaze." This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that a short fob chain attached to a watch of Oliver Cromwell in the British museum is in point of date the first appendage of the kind known. The watch is a small oval one in a silver case and was made about 1625 by John Midnall of Fleet street.

King George's Fat Pocketbooks.

George IV. from the time he was a young man constantly carried a pocketbook. Into which he thrust bank notes, letters, trinkets and keepsakes. As soon as the pocketbook became full he used to put it away and substitute for it a new one. This when filled was laid aside and replaced in like manner. When the king died it devolved on the Duke of Wellington to examine the monarch's effects, and he discovered an entire chest of drawers filled with fat pocketbooks, which contained not less than \$50,000.

"They Sell well" says Druggist O'Dell of Truro, N. S. Want any better evidence of the real merit of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a cure for all forms of stomach trouble than that they're in such

CARRYING MONEY.

The Wide Difference There Is in Men in This Particular.

"Did you notice," said a man to a friend with whom he was dining, "that young fellow at the next table who just left? He reminded me of the difference there is in people when it comes to carrying money. That youth had a roll of bills as big as his arm, and he wanted everybody to see them, although he made believe to hide them. They were mostly ones and fives. His check was 40 cents, but he paid with a five. Then when he ordered a cigar out came the accumulation of a lifetime again, and he handed the waiter another five. If he has his shoes shined he'll break a five dollar bill and keep on until he has nothing but ones and twos. He likes to give folks the impression that his capital is enormous, although it isn't, judging from his appearance. Then there's the man who always has \$500 or \$600 in his pocket, but it's in an inside pocket and it's in big denominations—fifties and hundreds. He seldom shows any real money. He has small bills handy for ordinary use, but he doesn't mean to be caught. If there's an argument with a bet in it he can put up on the spot. And a good many men don't carry enough money to scrape through the day. You'll find millionaires who have to turn themselves inside out to settle for a car fare. Some lug what I call rheumatism money in every pocket. It's so twisted and deformed and out of shape that you can't count it unless you smooth it over with a hot flatiron. Others fold their money neatly. There are all kinds, but as a rule the chap who pulls out a bloated collection of dollar bills is carrying every penny he has in the world and a good deal more than he'll have many hours unless he's careful."

CAPTURING A HUSBAND.

A Bold and Dashing Lady Was the Mother of Robert Bruce.

Many a marriage suggests to an irreverent curiosity the question, "Did the woman propose it?" But one seldom finds actual historic proof that she did. A recent delightful book on Scotland has an interesting and apparently authentic story of a case where the woman not only took the initiative, but took it in a high handed fashion.

The young Countess of Carrick was left a widow by the death of her husband while on one of the crusades. The king became her guardian, and she had good reason to fear that he would force upon her a marriage of policy. She was a famous horsewoman and often rode for a day through her own forest, attended only by a small mounted guard. One day she encountered a young man to whom she was at once much attracted. She asked him to return with her to her castle, but he had some gallant adventure already in hand and ungraciously declined the invitation.

At a word from her her men-at-arms made him a prisoner and bore him off to Turnberry castle.

Two weeks' imprisonment brought him to a proper sense of the charms of his fair hostess, and knight and lady were wedded with the reluctant consent of the king.

The son of this romantic marriage was Robert Bruce, whose splendid patriotism and brave deeds are well fitted to justify his mother's courageous audacity.

The Old Fashioned Wife.

A pretty young married woman said to a friend the other day: "Myry is such an old fashioned wife. She has such queer notions about her duty to her husband and home. Why, she declines all invitations unless he is included, and never under any circumstances."

RICHMOND MINUTES.

December 15th, 1904.

The Council met at Selby. The members present were Messrs Manly Jones, Chas. Anderson, Wm. G. Winters, Wm. Paul and C. H. Spencer. The Reeve presiding.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

Moved by Wm. Paul, and seconded by Chas. Anderson, that the account of M. S. Madole be referred to Councilor Winters for settlement and report to this Council at its next Session. Carried.

Moved by Chas. Anderson and seconded by Wm. Paul that the report of the committee, re the Hudson road matter be reconsidered. Carried.

Amended report of the Committee re the Hudson Road.

We your committee to whom the matter of the Hudson road for settlement was left beg leave to amend the report of the committee presented at the last session as follows that all the words in that report after the word recommend be struck out and the following be inserted, "That no action be taken in the matter."

Signed { CHAS ANDERSON,
Wm. PAUL.

Moved by C. H. Spencer and seconded by Wm. G. Winters that the report of the committee in regard to the Hudson road that we take no action, be received and adopted. Carried.

Moved by Wm. G. Winters and seconded by Chas. Anderson. That R. Herring-ton receive \$5 00 for work done on M. Thomson's ditch on the Napanee and Sheffield road. Carried.

A notice was received and read from J. Killorin, re Otter Creek drain. Laid on the table.

Moved by Wm. G. Winter and seconded by Chas. Anderson that the following accounts for gravel be paid. Ford Russell \$7.00, Allen Oliver \$27 20 by order of the various Pathmasters. Carried.

Moved by C. H. Spencer and seconded by Wm. Paul that this Council instruct the Road Engineer to remove the obstruction in the Otter Creek Drain, at once acting on the notice from James Killorin. Carried.

Moved by Chas. Anderson and seconded by Wm. G. Winters, that German Wagar be paid \$125 for 25 loads of gravel in full of account for gravel taken by parties outside of the line of the gravel pit belonging to the Township and that the said German Wagar have charge of the gravel pit to see that no gravel be taken from the said pit only for Township purposes. Carried.

A By-Law No. — was introduced and got its first reading for assisting and encouraging the building of wire fences on the highways of the Township in places where the snow drifts blockade the said highways.

Moved by Chas. Anderson and seconded by C. H. Spencer that Herrington, Warner & Grange be paid \$23 68 for opinion re County Road. Carried.

Moved by Chas. Anderson and seconded by Wm. G. Winters that J. S. Aylsworth be paid \$5.00 for a report re Otter Creek Drain and charge to the Otter Creek drainage account. Carried.

Moved by Chas. Anderson and seconded by Wm. G. Winters, that Magdelene Fralick receive \$10 00 to aid her, she being in indigent circumstances. Carried.

The Council adjourned, sine die.

A. WINTERS,
Clerk.

Close's Mills closed for custom grinding, until a thaw, or further notice.

J. A. CLOSE.

Hand saws that will coast, made of steel, at

BOYLE & SON.

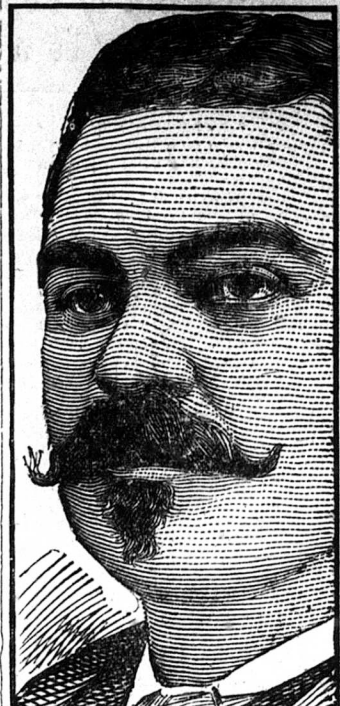
THE MEALS FOR POETS.

English Breakfast Parties Early in the Last Century.

The breakfast party became fashionable in the early decades of the last century, Samuel Rogers being one of the principal hosts. Round his table gathered all the wits and celebrities of the day. At his house Mr. St. James place Byron and Moore first came together "over a mess of potatoes and vinegar." It was in his dining room that Erskine told the story of his first brief and Grattan that of his last duel, while the Iron Duke described Waterloo as a "battle of giants." Rogers asked people, it was currently reported, to wear of moderation for dinner, but

PE-RU-NA NECESSARY TO THE HOME.

A Letter From Congressman White, of North Carolina.



HON. GEORGE H. WHITE.

Congressman George Henry White, of Tarboro, N. C., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman concerning Peruna House of Representatives, Washington, Feb. 4, 1890.

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—"I am more than satisfied with Peruna, and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy."

Very respectfully,

George H. White.

If you have catarrh write to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

and recreation, a moment, as Miss Correll expresses it, "for standing and taking breath on the threshold of another week," a season for thought, for intellectual enjoyment, for the solace of nature and the admiration of its wonders and beauty, no sensible person will be likely to deny. Whether motoring or card playing is the best way to attain these ends must be left to each individual's judgment.—Lady Violet Greville in London Graphic.

ORIGIN OF PARISHES.

They Were Founded In 608 by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury in 608, is regarded as the founder of the parochial system. Parishes were originally measured by and made to follow the lines of existing townships, a parish being, in short, the township in its ecclesiastical character. Where a township was too small to require or to support a separate church and priest two or more townships were united to form one parish.

In other cases the clergy of manorial churches built by the nobles had no jurisdiction over a parish extending to the limits of their lord's estate. Thus no legislative act was needed, and parishes were mapped out gradually, as

fat pocketbooks, which contained not less than \$50,000.

"They Sell well," says Druggist O'Dell of Truro, N. S. Want any better evidence of the real merit of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a cure for all forms of stomach trouble than that they're in such great demand? Not a nauseous dose that makes ones very inside rebel—but pleasant, quick and harmless—a tiny tablet to carry in your pocket. 35 cents.—104. Sold by Fred L. Hooper.

HEROISM IN ANIMALS.

It Is Not More Uncommon Than Is Brute Maternal Affection.

A writer on natural history complains that men are prone to regard masculine courage in defense of others as a virtue purely human. In reality self sacrifice for the female sex or for the young is part of the scheme of nature, and every male thing is strong and splendid in appearance because he is the descendant of those who have proudly held and guarded "the privilege of death." Another writer tells a story which illustrates this point. Two entomologists, hunting at night, clambered over a gate with their swinging lanterns and found themselves in a field filled with sheep. The result of their coming was panic and a furious stampede. The sheep charged helter skelter away from the lanterns and huddled together at the far end of the field. But there was a ram among them, and as the flock scurried away this creature stood firm, covering the retreat. Then, steadily and majestically, the huge ram advanced with lowered head toward the mysterious lights and pressed them back to the gate. This is only one graphic story of many that might be told of masculine courage throughout nature. Man has some virtues which animals, so far as we can judge, know nothing about; but heroism—the pride of affording protection to the weak and daring death for the security of the flock—is not a human attribute alone, any more than is maternal affection.

A WOMAN'S NAME.

Origin of the Custom of Changing It When She Marries.

The custom which makes it proper for the wife to assume the name of her husband at marriage is involved in much obscurity. A recent authority advances the opinion that it originated from a Roman custom and became common after the Roman occupation of England. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times the married women of most European countries signed their names in the same way, but omitted the "of." In spite of this theory it is a fact that as late as the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century a Catherine Parr signed her name without any change, though she had been twice married. We also hear of Lady Jane Grey, not Dudley, and Arabella Stuart, not Seymour, etc. Some think that the custom originated with the Scriptural idea that the husband and wife are one. This was the rule of law as far back as 1268, and it was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith in the reign of Elizabeth that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

The Old Fashioned Wife.

A pretty young married woman said to a friend the other day: "My life is such an old fashioned wife. She has such queer notions about her duty to her husband and home. Why, she declines all invitations unless he is included and never under any circumstances is away from home when he returns at night."

"Then she always gets up to breakfast with him and even goes so far as to prepare certain favorite dishes for him instead of leaving such fussiness to the cook. She does not go away in the summer until he is able to go, too, and, in fact, she fusses over him in the most absurd fashion."

After the pretty creature had vanished to join a party of friends at dinner a reflective mood stole over the friend, and she thought how much better it would be if there were more old fashioned wives.

The Tarantula.

Tarantulas are plentiful in the rough broken country in the southern part of California. They are repulsive looking creatures, with fat, hairy bodies, overplentiful wiry legs and cruel poison mandibles. They stay in their burrows during the dry season, but as soon as the rains begin they sall forth. The tarantula constructs a very skillful burrow and nest in the ground. It has a cover so nicely fitted that it can scarcely be detected from the surrounding soil. The cover opens and shuts upon a hinge, and on the inside are holes, into which the occupant thrusts his mandibles and thus "holds his fort" against intruders.

Business Is Business.

Aunt Jane—Did Mr. Sweezer propose last evening? Carrie—How did you happen to guess it? Yes, and I'm going to take out a policy for \$1,000. Aunt Jane—For mercy's sake, what do you mean? Carrie—Well, you see, he began to make love to me, but the chance to get a new applicant was so strong he couldn't resist. He's a life insurance solicitor, you know.

The Judge at Repartee.

"Did you ever try any of our whisky, judge?" asked the dealer.

"No," replied the judge, "but I tried a man today who had."

In Yucatan there are no fewer than sixty-two ruined and abandoned cities.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Granting of Ox.

One of the largest of the mammalia of Tibet is the yak, or grunting ox. Standing between five and six feet high at the shoulders, the bulk of this strange looking creature is not a little exaggerated by the enormous growth of hair upon the lower part of the body and tall. Beneath the outer coat, moreover, there is a layer of wool known as pashm, which is highly prized for the making of cloth.

True Friendship.

Harold—My trusted and bosom friend, Jack Armstrong, has cut me out in the affections of Dolly Giddy-gurl. What do you think of that? Jerrold—Why, I think that's the kind of a friend to have, old chap.

gether "over a mess of potatoes and vinegar." It was in his dining room that Erskine told the story of his first brief and Grattan that of his last duel, while the Iron Duke described Waterloo as a "battle of giants." Rogers asked people, it was currently reported, by way of probation for dinner, but his breakfast parties were more social than his dinners, which, comparatively speaking, were affairs of necessity or form. His invitation notes were models of penmanship and conciseness. "Will you breakfast with me tomorrow?"—S. R. L. was the pithy invitation to a celebrated wit. "Won't I?" was the congenial response. He was fond of quoting Rousseau's profession of ungout fin pour les defeuners, the time of the day when we are quietest and talk most at our ease. Greville in his "Memoirs" notes one of these breakfasts in 1831. "Sydney Smith, Luttrell, John Russell and Moore excessively agreeable. I never heard anything more entertaining than Sydney Smith—such bursts of merriment and so dramatic! Breakfasts are the meals for poets. I met Wordsworth and Southey at breakfast. Rogers' are always agreeable."

Codd's Curious Defenses.

An interesting book might be written on the subject of "Curious Defenses."

One excellent instance is supplied here in what was known as "Codd's Puzzle." Codd was defending a client accused of stealing a duck. He set up seven defenses: (1) The accused bought the duck and paid for it; (2) he found it; (3) it was given to him; (4) it flew into his garden; (5) it was put in his pocket while he slept. Six and seven are not recorded, but an amicus curiae suggested that there never was any duck at all. The accused was acquitted, not "because they chose any particular defense, but because they did not know which to choose, and they gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt."

The Hygienic Value of Sunday.

Sunday is not only a religious but a hygienic institution. It is beneficent in its uses, morally and physically. How workers should best spend the Sunday is still a moot question, but that it should be a time of soul refreshment

Nurse's good Words.—"I am a professional nurse," writes Mrs. Bisher, Halifax, N.S. "I was a great sufferer from rheumatism—almost constant association with best physicians I had every chance of a cure if it were in their power—but they failed. South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended—to-day my six years of pain seem as a dream. Two bottles cured me."—109. Sold by Fred L. Hooper.

prized two or more townships were united to form one parish.

In other cases the clergy of manorial churches built by the nobles had no jurisdiction over a parish extending to the limits of their lord's estate. Thus no legislative act was needed, and parishes were mapped out gradually, as the multiplication of churches and clergy, which Theodore did so much to effect, made it desirable to define clearly the areas within which the clergy had to work. It was not till long after Theodore's death—Green says about the middle of the eighth century—that this division of the country into parishes was completed.

The Folly of Betting.

Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, the great English criminal lawyer, judge and sportsman, in his reminiscences, in telling of what cured him of betting, relates that Harry Hill, one of the "characters" of Tattersalls, gave him this piece of advice as a youth:

"Mr. Hawkins, I see you come here pretty regularly on Sunday afternoons, but I advise you not to speculate among us, for if you do we shall beat you. We know our business better than you do, and you'll get nothing out of us any more than we should get out of you if we were able to dabble in your law, for you know that business better than we do."

The Limit.

He—I don't think your brother John likes me. "She—Oh, I'm sure he does. Why, he told me today you were a regular brick; he went further, in fact, and said you were a regular gold brick."

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics

CRESOLENE is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surfaces of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. Those of a consumptive tendency, or sufferers from chronic bronchitis, find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

A Vapo-Cresolene outfit including a bottle of Cresolene \$1.50. Send for free illustrated booklet, LECHEMIE MEDICAL CO., Ltd., Agents, 288 St. James St., Montreal, Canada. 306



Six Months Ago Pale, Peevish and Always Sick.

Mr. Wm. Frizzell, Post Clerk, Napanee, says: "My little girl six months ago was not very strong, could not sleep, was feverish and peevish. The child's indigestion was something terrible. Mr. Douglas gave me a package of Hennequin's Infant Tablets; we used them; the result was truly marvelous. I saw and learned something that I could not have believed, had I not seen it for myself. However, I must say that my little girl, now 18 months of age, is full of fun and frolic. She is hearty, eats well and sleeps well, and is the picture of health. I believe Hennequin's Tablets to be the greatest and surest babies' medicine I ever saw."

DR. HENNEQUIN'S INFANT TABLETS.

Destroy worms, assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, procure healthy and natural sleep, relieve teething trouble, allay feverishness, cure indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, etc.; stop walking in the sleep and frightened awakening from sleep, cure fits, etc. Beyond price for children affected with weak health. Dr. Hennequin's Infant Tablets do not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic properties. Price 25c per package. 5 packages for \$1—postpaid to any address. Send us \$1 for 5 boxes and if, after using part or all of one box, you wish your dollar back, you can have it by mailing us the remaining four boxes. We cannot be responsible for money unless sent by P. O. Order, Money Order, or Registered Letter.

DOUGLAS & CO., Napanee, Ont., Can. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

BIRD WITH A BROKEN PINION

Once a Sin is Repented of It Has Ceased to be a Part of Life.

In response to a letter from a young man who thinks that all is lost because he has committed a great sin.

Text—Psalm ciii., "Like as a father怜th his children." "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

The biography of Audubon, the naturalist, holds a page thrilling indeed. Going into the mountains the scientist began to study and paint the eagles. One morning, hidden in a cleft of the rock, he was watching a great eagle and lingered near a cliff. Round and round the bird soared, when suddenly he swooped down with more than an arrow's swiftness; then, curving upward, the flight was slower, for the eagle held a serpent in its talons. In his excitement Audubon sprang up just in time to see the serpent throw a fold around the eagle's neck. Now the battle was on. With talon and claw the king of birds fought for its life, and in the fight all but forgot to fly. But that ring about the neck tightened, and still tightened, and suddenly the eagle fluttered with uncertain stroke, and then bird and snake went crashing into the boughs of a tree.

Hastening forward Audubon saw the eagle rend its enemy, and, alarmed, spread its wings for flight. One wing answered and one made feeble response. Since it could not rise swiftly it struck out slowly across the valley above the tops of the trees. But try as it would, the eagle moved in a circle, for if one beat true the other pinion was broken. Soon joined by its companions, the bird found that they brought no help. Curious as to the result, weeks afterward Audubon visited that spot again. Once more the eagle rose from its cliff; it flew, but the pinion was broken, and it

NEVER ROSE SO HIGH AGAIN.

In his letter this young man reveals the fact that the soul also can suffer grievous injury. For years he had built the buttresses about his honor and integrity. One by one habits rose, but in a single weak hour, influenced by companions and making haste to get rich, he was overcome. In a careless moment he lost all. Just as the keeper of a castle gate might in a careless mood permit the enemy to enter, to lift the firebrand and run the fortress. This letter is typical. We have all known one boy who has dulled his senses and in a drunken hour fallen to break arm or ankle. He needed but one lesson—but nature is pitiless, and that one error has brought lifelong consequences and henceforth he always limps.

Here is the clerk, who owes his position and his every advantage to the generous employer, but the youth is unfaithful and ungrateful—in losing his position through dishonesty he has embarrassed his entire future. Here is the man who at 40 wakens up to discover that he is unfitted for business—that he loves professional life. Against all protests from father or mother he left the high school or college, closed his book's, played the truant, threw away his chance. Now he would give all but life itself to retrace his steps. But the angel of opportunity has gone forever. No prayers in August will produce a sheaf or shock for the man who did not plow and sow in April. Success in maturity is simply the autumn day where the well-used spring pours

For the bird with a broken pinion will never fly so high again.

Not less fatal are other mistakes. Gone the era of Homer, but Circe's palace has been rebuilt, and the sirens sing sweetly. The old poet, speaking to the youth of his day, warned them against wasting their offerings on

STRANGE ALTARS AND GODS.

Never was the injunction more necessary than to-day. One of our great books holds a most pathetic chapter. A gifted youth, leaving college and coming to the great city, dwells with his companions in the outskirts of Solom. The time came when he was mature and successful; when he met a woman whom he loved with all his heart and soul.

"You would have loved me, then, if I had led a different life," he said.

"Yes," she answered simply. "I should have loved you. You were born for me. Why, oh why, did you not live for me?"

"I wish to God I had," he answered.

"You meant to marry always," she said. "You treasured in your heart your ideal of a woman. Why could you not have lived so that you would have been her ideal, too, when at last you met?"

"I wish to God I had," he repeated.

Ah, what a page is that! It is like the opening of the door that Bunyan saw into the hill of fire where Apollyon dwelt. For this man the mistakes are irremediable, the injury is lifelong. The soul rises on wings of love and hope. But the soul's wings may be broken. Any injury to the wings of love and hope and faith means that the bird with its broken pinion will never rise so high again. But even so, there is hope and promise for the fallen one. For it is just here that the angel of God's love comes in with its hope and promise. The youth cannot forgive himself, others may not forgive him, but God can. Nature is good and

NATURE IS GOOD.

Physicians have found that a broken finger, if properly set, is sometimes stronger after the break than it was before it. Out of the battle and the enmity and the conflict come the courage and the strength and the victory. Who shall say that in the reborn from sin Paul is not greater and better than the old Saul? And with Saul in mind, why should this youth or any man despair? "A broken reed will be broken" is God's word. Look at those weeks of men and women whom Christ turned to heroes and apostles, and saints for purity, beauty, sweetness, and service!

There is medicine and healing in God's heart. Life is full of recuperative forces. No mistake is fatal; no life is ever hopeless. My answer to this youth is the long line of men, from Saul to Augustine, to Bunyan and Gough, who have risen up to surrender the will to God—to live with the unseen one, who is nearer to man than breathing, who have "climbed" on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things. God says: "I will cast all your sin behind my back." What God forgets you should not remember. Once a sin is repented of, once restitution has been made, forgiveness sought and gained, the sin has ceased to be a part of the life.

"When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled, In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

6, 7. Here is the basal fact on which the prophecy stands. All this peace and prosperity come from the advent of a Person. This is the explanation of the use of For. Unto us, Judah and Israel, in the earlier and narrower meaning; the wide world, in the light of Gospel truth. A child is born.....a son is given.

"The Person whom the prophet foretold in Isa. 7 as the son of a virgin, who would come to maturity in troublous times, he sees as born and having already taken possession of the government. There he appeared as a sign, here as a gift of grace."—Delitzsch. The government shall be upon his shoulder. A very natural figure of speech to show that he should have royal responsibilities. His name shall be called. An oriental way of saying, His characteristics shall be. Wonderful, Counselor. It is better here to follow the Revision Margin, and, omitting the comma, make this one epithet—Wonderful Counselor. He is to be The Matchless Adviser, The Great Companion. The (omit 'The') mighty God. We are not justified in taking any but the natural meaning of this phrase. It is true that in some places it is used for 'mighty one,' and Ezekiel thus uses it of Nebuchadnezzar, but Isaiah seems in every case by it to refer to the Divine Being. The (omit 'The') everlasting Father. Revision Margin: 'Father of Eternity.' A Hebrew phrase for 'The Eternal One,' rather than the somewhat meaningless statement that the Child is to be everlastingly a father. The (omit 'The') Prince of Peace. Because under his administration peace shall prevail. He is to bring in the conditions of verse 5. The omission of the article

"The" from the Revised Version makes these four epithets more distinctly named. They are in the first place to be characteristic, so far as that is possible for a human being, of the prince of Judah, whose reign is now beginning. The phraseology of the ancient Orient would be to our ears extravagant. A king who was ordinarily saluted, "O king, live forever," might well be spoken of as the father of eternity. But, while there is a local and temporary application of this prophecy, it awaited its perfect fulfillment in the coming of the Messiah. So the Jews believed throughout the dark centuries of strain which followed. So the rabbis taught; and when Jesus came his raptured followers discovered in his character and teachings the perfect fulfillment of these words. Of the increase of his government and ("of") peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom. In spite of the wars which rend the world to-day, in spite of the fact that the history of Christendom is a history of bloodshed, those who really understand the mind of the Saviour can recognize the fulfillment of this. His work is to order it ("to establish it"), and to establish it ("to uphold it") with judgment and with justice ("with justice and with righteousness") from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord ("Jehovah") of hosts will perform this.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

Fudge—Put one tablespoon of butter in a saucepan, add three cups of sugar and one cup of milk. When the sugar has melted add four or five level tablespoons cocoa. Stir and boil 15 minutes, take from the fire, add one teaspoonful vanilla, stir until creamy, pour upon buttered plates, and cut in squares. This is the best and cheapest rule, as the cocoa is more digestible than chocolate and the starch makes the fudge creamy. Some cocoas are richer than others, and four level tablespoons are sufficient.

Sugared Popcorn—In a large kettle

HOLIDAY COOKING

Christmas Plum Pudding—An English friend gives this as Queen Victoria's favorite Christmas pudding, for which recipe she gave a prize of two guineas. One lb. seeded raisins, 1 lb. stale bread crumbs, quarter lb. flour, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 lb. currants, half lb. minced candied orange peel, 1 lb. chopped suet, one teaspoon salt, 5 eggs, half tumbler coffee or brandy, half nutmeg and the grated peel of a lemon. Mix flour fruit and spices well, add the crumbs and suet, beat the eggs, add to them the coffee or brandy. Pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased molds, and steam eight hours, and two hours longer when wanted for use. To serve, place a sprig of holly on the top, and surround with alcohol, which set fire to, and carry to the table surrounded with a wreath of flame. Serve with orange sauce: Mix the yolks of 4 eggs with half cup of sugar and the juice and grated rind of half an orange. Stir over the fire until the custard coats the spoon. Serve hot.

Stuffed Dates—These are very nice for a Christmas dainty. Cut dates in two, lengthwise. Remove the pits and fill the cavity with the following mixture; then press the two halves together and roll them in granulated sugar. Filling: One beaten white of egg thickened with powdered sugar and chopped nuts until it will mold into a pit for the date. About 75 dates can be fixed with one white of egg.

Holiday Pudding—Take 1 quart stale bread broken into bits without crusts, and dry in the oven. Pour over the bread 1 qt. rich sweet milk and let stand one hour. Add three beaten eggs, half cup currant, plum or quince jelly, melted, 1 cup brown sugar, half cup strained honey or maple syrup, half cup chopped suet or butter, one lb. raisins, half lb. currants and half teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, grated peel and vanilla extract, or 2 teaspoons vanilla without the other spices. Mix the ingredients together and bake in a buttered pudding dish for two or three hours. Serve with cream or pudding sauce.

Ping Pong Confection—In the evening, soak 1-3 package gelatine in a little cold water. Set the dish in hot water to melt, when wanted in the morning. Boil 2 cups granulated sugar, half cup water and quarter teaspoon cream of tartar, until a little stirred in a cold dish will get creamy. Remove from the fire and when cold stir until as thick as cold molasses, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped pineapple (with the juice squeezed out), and the melted gelatine. Beat until it becomes thick, then pour into buttered pans, having the mixture an inch thick. Set upon ice, and when hard and stiff cut into inch squares, roll in powdered sugar and put in a box lined with waxed paper. Keep in a cold place until used. To be good it should be eaten fresh.

Baked Onions—Peel small, silver-skinned onions, and cook in salted boiling water for 15 minutes. Drain and lay them on a towel to dry. Then put them in a baking pan with a few spoonfuls of stock or gravy, sprinkle with sugar and bake until soft. The sugar will glaze the onions.

Oyster and Beef Olives—Cut cold roast beef into nice sized pieces. Slightly chop a sufficient quantity of oysters, season with salt and paprika, add some finely chopped pickles and a little tomato catsup. Spread the oyster mixture rather thick over the sliced beef, roll up tightly, and fasten securely with string. Place in a baking pan with plenty of

another he left the high school or college, closed his book, played the truant, threw away his chance. Now he would give all but life itself to retrace his steps. But the angel of opportunity has gone forever. No prayers in August will produce a sheaf or shock for the man who did not plow and sow in April. Success in maturity is simply the autumn day where the well-used spring pours forth its rich treasures. In the intellectual and industrial life a mistake may lead to life-long consequences.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON
DEC. 25.

Lesson XIII. "The Prince of Peace." Golden Text,
Isa. IX., 6.

Verse 1. Nevertheless, "But," The dimness shall not be such as was in her vexation (there shall be no gloom to her that was in anguish). When at the first he lightly afflicted (here the Revision begins a new sentence: "In the former time he brought into contempt") the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali. The Authorized Version has failed entirely in giving the meaning. The Revision should be closely followed. The two tribes here mentioned lay north and northeast of Mount Carmel, and the territories taken together corresponded with a large part of what was afterward called Galilee. It was this part of the country which had been earliest depopulated by the Assyrian conquerors under Tiglath-pileser (2 Kings 15, 29). By this invasion it has been to the prophetic mind brought into contempt. And afterward did more grievously afflict her. "But in the latter time hath he made it glorious" by the way of the sea, beyond (the Jordan in Galilee of the nations. Or, we might read, "in the district of the Gentiles," for the Hebrew word means circuit or district, and the word translated "nations" means foreigners. Observe that this clause, like the first, is entirely changed in its meaning by the Revision. The prophecy is that the coming prosperity of Zebulun (Galilee) shall be so great as to cause the people to extend their original borders westward by the way of the sea, eastward across the river. That this promise contained a spiritual and Messianic meaning is asserted by the mere fact of the choice of this passage for our Christmas lesson. That it has literally fulfilled in the days of Jesus and for two or three centuries before His times has been made abundantly evident by modern researches in ancient documents (see especially Dr. Merrill's Galilee). That it was fulfilled in the lifetime of those who heard Isaiah's words is altogether probable, for after the downfall of the northern kingdom the better kings of Judah, and especially Hezekiah, extended their protection over the northern provinces, and there was an autumnal harvest and prosperity preceding the cold rigors of the captivity.

2. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell (dwelt) in the land of the shadow of death. We are treating Isaiah much worse than we would treat Shakespeare or Browning, if we talk to our classes about this verse without a close reference to verses 21 and 22 of this last chapter. It is the people who are there described in a sorrowful forced march through the midnight upon whom hath the light shined. 1. There is little reason to doubt that the security and moral reform brought to these people by such virtuous kings as Hezekiah and Josiah were recognized as the adequate fulfillment of this prophecy. 2. When, centuries later, those who returned from the captivity reoccupied Palestine, erected a synagogue in

render the will to God—to live with the unseen one, who is nearer to man than breathing, who have "climbed" on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things. God says: "I will cast all your sin behind my back." What God forgets you should not remember. Once a sin is repented of, once restitution has been made, forgiveness sought and gained, the sin has ceased to be a part of the life. For the soul has sometimes fallen only to plume its pinions for a new and a wider and a higher flight.

every town, made the word of God the man of their counsel, and, in spite of much evil and wars and violence and the prevalence of a hollow formality, prospered greatly in all temporal matters and kept alive the spiritual hopes of the world, this verse had an ampler fulfillment. 3. The rabbis had a perfect right to apply it to their pupils and say, "You have seen a great light, upon you has the light shone." 4. Then a fulfillment glorious beyond all comparisons came with the coming of Christ.

3.—Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not (thou hast) increased the (their) joy. Again the meaning is changed by a better translation. This verse is simply a repetition of the promise made by the last two verses. The "multiplication" of the nation indicated the prevalence of peace and the happiness of the nation was to be so great as to compare with the joy of the planter when gathering his produce, and the joy of the soldier when dividing his spoil. We of Canada in the twentieth century know little about either of these. Our farmers gather their harvest with as business-like men as our brokers make change, and soldiers if they take any loot secrete it and try to look virtuous. But in the Orient, where men delight in expressing their emotions, the harvest makes merry in boisterous fashion, and the warrior exults over his conquests with laughter and song.

4. The meaning of this verse is not changed by the Revision, but is made clearer. For the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, thou hast broken as in the day of Midian. Two objects, and not three, are mentioned here, for the staff is the same as the rod. It is the whip or club with which the shoulder of poor Israel was beaten by his oppressor, the Assyrian. He had been yoked like an ox to a burden greater than he could bear, but this yoke and this staff-rod were to be broken by Jehovah as they had been in a former climatic day of deliverance. Whether the day of Midian is that described in Judg. 7 or whether reference is made to some unrecorded deliverance of the nation is uncertain.

5. Revision: For all the armor of the armed men in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be for burning, for fuel of fire. Everything used in battle shall have lost its value except as fuel. This promise is in harmony, say rather in unison, with that other which tells us that the sword shall be beaten into a plowshare and the spear into a pruning hook. That this was literally fulfilled in the days of the prophets is more than probable, for it was a very simple life that was lived by the great majority of the Israelites. Neither farmers nor soldiers had any such varied assortment of implements as has always been used in Western civilization, and especially in these later days. It would be quite in accord with oriental conditions if in one family one piece of metal had alternately done duty as plowshare and sword for father and son through successive generations. This is in poetic form a promise of such confident peace as to make the preservation of armor and weapons unnecessary. But in these words there is folded a promise which, coming from God's lips, assuredly will be kept—a promise of the end of war and bloodshed.

boil 15 minutes, take from the fire, add one teaspoonful vanilla, stir until creamy, pour upon buttered plates, and cut in squares. This is the best and cheapest rule, as the cocoa is more digestible than chocolate and the starch makes the fudge creamy. Some cocoas are richer than others, and four level tablespoons are sufficient.

Sugared Popcorn—In a large kettle put one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful granulated sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water. Boil until almost candy, then add three quarts of popped corn, and stir with wooden cake spoon or fork until cool. Each kernel will be separate and well sugared. If preferred the corn may be prepared with flavored candy, colored with fruit coloring or red sugar, or chocolate melted with the syrup. Nuts may be prepared in the same way.

Peanut Brittle—Shell and chop roasted peanuts to measure one pint. Put two pounds of granulated sugar in a clean frying pan, over a slow fire. Stir after it lumps until it melts and colors slightly; then add the nuts and pour quickly upon buttered tins—press out as thin as possible and break up when cold.

Butter Scotch—One cupful brown sugar, one-half cupful of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar and a generous teaspoonful of butter. Boil for 30 minutes or until it threads, pour on buttered tins, and when partly cool cut in squares.

Paper from the inside of cracker boxes or wafers as well as all small boxes and candy boxes add to the look of homemade candy. A certain number of girls who always have charge of the candy table at their church fair ask all their acquaintances to save as many pretty boxes for them as possible during the year. They solicit money—buy materials and then refill the boxes with their own bon bons. Everyone who buys knows that the name upon the box is not the name of the maker, but judging by their sales the candy must be considered "just as good."

HOW TO GIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

We have heard again and again from precept, Press, and pulpit that charity is a sacred duty; that only he who gives, and gives liberally, to those in need is fulfilling his obligations to his fellow-man.

There is another consideration of duty which is rarely considered, and that is the duty of obligation conferred. Be careful as to the manner of your gift. Be careful how you put another under obligation to you—be very careful.

There are many who make their gifts gall and wormwood to those who receive them. You know the sort—the women who make it a point to say: "Did you see Mary in that little frock I gave her?" and the men who say boastingly: "I educated that boy, sir!"

These loud reiterations of favors conferred are terribly hard to a sensitive person. But should the recipients of such advertised favors revolt, and refuse to receive anything further from the hands of their self-styled benefactors, then they are accused of the rankest and blackest ingratitude.

Tactful giving is an art which few acquire. The chief requisites of it are a desire to be genuinely kind and useful to another, a perfectly natural manner when giving the favor, and afterwards an apparent forgetfulness that such a thing has ever been done. For many a trifling gift there has been exacted thrice its worth in spoken gratitude. An exaggerated gratitude is never real. And no one likes to feel that the person who gave him anything is wondering why he does not say more about the gift.

Tact is the art of doing things without appearing to do them. Had something to say except one individual, who did not seem to take

soft. The sugar will glaze the onions.

Oyster and Beef Olives—Cut cold roast beef into nice sized pieces. Slightly chop a sufficient quantity of oysters, season with salt and paprika, and some finely chopped pickles and a little tomato catsup. Spread the oyster mixture rather thick over the sliced beef, roll up tightly, and fasten securely with string. Place in a baking pan with plenty of butter, and cook in a quick oven till slightly browned, basting occasionally. Serve with creamed potatoes. Remove the strings before serving.

Chickens with Oyster Stuffing—Dress 2 plump chickens as for roasting and rub them over with a little salt. Fill the inside with whole oysters, nicely seasoned with salt, paprika and tomato catsup. Sew up the ends, and boil until tender in just enough water to cover. Add a small onion, a stalk of celery and half a sliced carrot to the water. When done, take up on a heated dish and serve immediately. Thicken some of the broth with a little flour, add a little cream, butter and seasoning and serve in a gravy boat. The remainder of the broth will make a delicious soup. Add to it one or two cups sweet cream, a lump of butter, a little minced celery, and parsley, and salt and paprika to taste.

Roast Goose with Chestnut Stuffing—The cooking school directions for preparing a goose for roasting are rather apt to excite some amusement in the breasts of old-fashioned housekeepers, nevertheless the newer method is certainly an improved one, as it removes much of the superfluous fat, and in so doing improves the flavor of this savory bird. The directions are as follows: Select a young goose, singe it, and scrub it well in soap and water, rinse very thoroughly in clear cold water, and dry inside and out with a cloth. To make the stuffing, cook half tablespoon finely chopped onion with 3 tablespoonfuls butter for five minutes. Add quarter lb. sausage meat, stripped of its skin, 12 finely chopped mushrooms, and one cup mashed chestnuts. Heat the mixture and



I dunno why I feel
But nowadays the
What snow that do
It lasts about a ha
I like the snow we
Ah! them was nigh
And them was days
An' turn her loose
That snow was in
There wasn't any i
But nowadays at v
And if there's sleig
I tell you hen's tee
An' winter time ah

add one oz. fresh breadcrumbs, two dozen whole chestnuts which have been boiled and skinned, salt and pepper to taste, a lump of butter and half teaspoon minced parsley. Cool the stuffing partially before using it. Baste the goose often while it is cooking, and roast about two hours, or until well done and richly browned. Serve on a bed of parsley.

HOW DID WE GET CHRISTMAS?

The decorated Christmas tree, laden with presents, will soon be the very general centre of attraction in the homes and churches of America. But why do we get this green fir-tree from the mountain-side, and place it in our homes, to dispense its joy to young and old?

When we study the localities where this part of the Christmas celebration was first introduced, and is most prevalent, we shall notice that it is a distinctively German custom. One hundred years ago we might have found the goose and the mistletoe in the Virginia colonies, in the Knickerbocker settlement of New Amsterdam. Santa Claus, good heilig man, distributed his mysterious packages. In Pennsylvania the Christmas tree was then already held in veneration, and, with the spread of the German element, has now become well-nigh universal. We must then look to das Vaterland for the origin of this peculiar custom.

The old Teutonic and Saxon races in Central and Northern Europe, before the introduction and spread of Christianity, had a great veneration for trees. They would never willingly damage them. Under large trees, especially old oaks, the great councils were held and judgment given; and the graves of this people were found in groves,—they always being buried under the roots of a tree. This all was the result of a superstition that their gods lived in those trees. In the linden-tree Berchta dwelt, a benign spirit who took charge of the babies, and rocked their cradles when the nurses fell asleep; in the oak, Donar, the thunder-god; in the willows, all sorts of spirits; in the elder-trees, the dwarfs. Whenever the festivals of these gods were celebrated, their trees were decorated with lights, wreaths, and garlands (tassels), and offerings were hung in the branches, which, however, were plundered again when the festival was over, the gods being supposed only to appropriate the best.

One of the principal festivals was the Joel-feast (pronounced Yule). "Joel" means "wheel," and represents the sun, which at the end of the year is standing lowest, and then again commences to rise. It was in honor of the god of light, Wotan, and lasted twelve nights, from December 25th to January 6th. Every work was suspended. The gods were said to walk on earth, and every man had to be at peace with his neighbor if he would not receive an unpleasant visit from some dark deities. Yule-logs (yet in England) were burned on the hearth, and burning wheels were sent rolling from the mountain-sides; and in front of the doors fir-trees were planted, and decorated with lights, and garlands, and offerings,—these trees being chosen because the only ones green in winter-time, signifying that nature is not entirely dead.

When the Christian Church, a few centuries after Christ's death, began to introduce its religion amongst the barbarians of Northern Europe, we find the priests making the new religion acceptable to the people by amalgamating old heathen customs with the Christian festivals. The time of Joel-feast falling together with the time of the Nativity, as accepted by the church, customs of the former were adapted to the latter celebration. At the Reformation, the Reformed Church of France and Holland, in its aversion to all symbols, discarded these accessories; and the Christmas-tree at the present day is entirely unknown in those countries except by importation.

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM

By far the most interesting and impressive Christmas Day I have ever spent, said a widely-known London clergyman, was the one I spent about a dozen years ago in Bethlehem. I chanced to be in Jerusalem in December, and I could not resist the temptation of passing one Christmas Day in my life in the very place where Christ was born, and the memory of this day is a very treasured possession, I can tell you.

I was one of thousands of pilgrims who on the lovely but cold morning of December 25th, 1891, streamed out of the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, on their way to Bethlehem, which, as you may know, lies almost due south, about six miles away as the crow flies, over a range of hills. And a motley, picturesque crowd it was of a dozen nationalities, some driving in rickety vehicles, others riding on donkeys or apologies for horses, but the great majority on foot—an endless stream of pilgrims far as the eye could see.

A two hours' walk brought me to the quaint, old-world little town, in its setting of olive groves and fig trees, nestling among the Judean hills, and looking so old and hoary that one might well believe it is unchanged since Christ first opened his eyes on it. But that day the narrow streets, so narrow that one could almost shake hands across any of them, were already full of life and color.

Passing through the market-place, where is the world-famous Church of the Nativity, I followed the stream of people until I found myself one of the crowd in the Field of the Shepherds, the very field in which, so tradition says, the shepherds were watching their flocks that memorable night more than nineteen centuries ago. And bitterly cold work it must have been if it was anything like some of the nights I spent in Jerusalem.

In the fields were priests engaged in blessing the pilgrims; and after receiving my benediction I hurried back to Bethlehem in time to witness the procession of priests and people to the Church of the Nativity. At the head of the procession walked the Patriarch of Jerusalem, a stately, impressive figure in rich, even gorgeous, vestments, with a bodyguard of almost equally splendid priests bearing aloft towering candles and magnificent banners, while behind came a most picturesque medley of priests and people.

One by one these hundreds of worshippers filed through the low, narrow door leading into the church—for the door is so small that only one person can enter at a time—and he must stoop—until the building was full almost to suffocation. Here in a church which is said to have been built by Constantine more than seven centuries before William the Conqueror landed on our shores, and which certainly looks its age, services are held all through Christmas Day and night until the dawn breaks the Patriarch himself celebrating mass at midnight.

From the church and its dignified and solemn service I found my way into the famous "Grotto of the Nativity," a chamber, once a natural cave, with walls of marble, and brilliantly illuminated by thirty magnificent brass-lamps hanging from the ceiling, which bring out the splendid coloring of the pictures illustrating Christ's life, with which the walls are richly adorned.

Here, indeed, if legend be true, we are standing on holy ground; for but a few paces away, approached by a flight of steps, is the very scene of our Saviour's birth. It is but a tiny room, this "Grotto of the

A VILLAGE CHRISTMAS.

The wind calls down from a snowy hill,
A white vail answers in wintry glee;
The gray sky hovers, forlorn and still,
And girds the night in its mystery,
But in the village streets, far below,
The lights of Christmas are all aglow.

'Tis Christmas eve. There's a world of song
Beneath the roofs of the little town;
And Merry Heart leads the Christmas throng
And Thankful Heart to a feast sits down;
And Kindly Heart, at the homestead door,
Gives, as of old, to his brother poor.

'Twas in a village, long years ago,
In Bethlehem, that the Christ-child came,
What greater boon could His love bestow,
Dear village homes, of whatever name?
Ah, very fair is the long highway
To village places on Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS ON THE HIGH SEAS

Jack Tar is notoriously a "merry soul" whether afloat or on shore; but once a year he lays himself out to eclipse even himself, and that is on Christmas Day. It matters nothing where he may find himself—dodging icebergs in the Northern seas, cruising among palm-fringed Pacific islands, or in port 3,000 leagues from the land he loves—it's all the same to Jack, he means to have what he expressly calls a "high old time."

And he sets about it thoroughly and systematically as becomes a sailor. Long before he tucks himself into his hammock on Christmas Eve to dream, it may be, of the "old folk at home," everybody is practically ready for the morrow's feasting and revelry. All day long busy hands have been engaged in converting the mess-hack into a veritable fairy-scene of color and gaiety. Roses there are in the sand; of all the colors of the rainbow, and all fashioned by clever fingers; furlongs of gay paper-festoons; dozens and dozens of all kinds glitter from the walls, and all so skillfully arranged and blended that one is tempted to think that, after all, Jack has missed his vocation and should have been an artist.

And while some have been thus working in daylight, others have been scrubbing and polishing until every square inch of brass or steel on board might serve as a mirror to beautify a palace. Others again have been busy storing up tins and chocolate boxes which will serve as store of sweet-tales on the morrow, and keep the cool wide-awake in the day all night.

With so much awaiting him to-morrow the crew is little wiser if Jack's snoring is less noisy to-morrow than it is to-night. At half-past six on Christmas morning the old sort of his hammock and stows it away in double bottom for at least a year. And such a breakfast-banquet as follows—fresh fruit and other delicacies he never sees any other morning; and who can blame him for his in for once a "jolly good fuel-in" to start the day well?

But a breakfast over, he must be up and about. The ship must have a final scrub and polish until the brass-work laughs as it reflects Jack's grin.

Christmas Candies

Good candies, which are enjoyed by both young and old at this season of the year are expensive if bought at the best shops, and cheap candies should be avoided by all. Candies made from pure sugar worked carefully at home may be safely used in moderate quantities, and if properly made will prove quite equal to the best which can be bought. Begin four days before Christmas day, making the fondant first. Purchase, before you begin your candy-making, a wooden paddle and two or three candy dippers, a small, five-cent paint brush, three or four granite sauce-pans, one very much smaller than the others. Purchase half a pound of almonds, half a pound of English walnuts, half a pound of dates, half a pound of pecan nuts and, if you can afford it, an ounce of pistachio nuts, two quarts of roasted peanuts and half a pound of pine nuts. Blanch and dry the almonds carefully. Dip them in a plain or chocolate cream fondant; or they may form the inside of nut candies; use whole or chopped Shell the peanuts, rub off the brown skin; roll not too fine with a rolling-pin on a bread board.

To make peanut candy, stir constantly over a hot fire one pound of granulated sugar; when melted and a light brown add a pint of rolled peanuts; mix, and roll out quickly, first dusting the board with a little of the dry material. Cut into squares, and when cold break apart for peanut brittle.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD FONDANT.

To make the "fondant," the creamy substance for both centres and covering, boil continuously granulated sugar, in the proportion of one pound to one-half cup of water, and a teaspoonful of vinegar until the syrup spins a heavy thread when dropped into cold water; remove the saucepan, and carefully pour the syrup out on a large platter or marble slab. When slightly cool stir rapidly with the new wooden paddle, (after it has been scalded and dried), until the mixture is white and creamy; then knead it as you would bread until soft and creamy; put it into a bowl; cover it quickly with a piece of buttered paper. Two pounds of fondant made up with the nuts and fruit, the peanut brittle and a few chocolate caramels will make ten pounds of good and perfectly harmless candy.

If you have never made candy before buy a pound of good mixed candies. Spread them out before you, and copy with your fondant and nuts each piece, make them over until you have succeeded perfectly. For chocolate cream, flavor the fondant with dry vanilla; make into tiny pyramids. Mix chocolate with fondant to make centres for vanilla creams; use the grated yellow rind and just a little juice for the centre of orange creams; and change flavoring and coloring to give variety. Stand aside in a cool place over night; next morning they may be dipped.

MAKING ALL SORTS OF CREAM CANDIES.

For cream chocolate put a quarter of a pound of fondant into the smallest of your saucepans; add two ounces of chocolate melted over hot water; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and a teaspoonful of water. Stand the saucepan in another containing a little hot water and stir with the handle of your wooden paddle until the mixture is creamy. If too thick when very hot add a few drops of water.

gether with the time of the Nativity, as accepted by the church, customs of the former were adapted to the latter celebration. At the Reformation, the Reformed Church of France and Holland, in its aversion to all symbols, discarded these accessories; and the Christmas-tree at the present day is entirely unknown in those countries, except by importation. The Lutheran Church of Germany, however, which by its doctrines looked still upon the efficacy of representations, retained the Christmas tree.

Few realize that the Christmas tree is older than Christmas.

A NEW GUESSING GAME.

The necessity for amusing and entertaining one's guests at evening gatherings has led to the invention of many guessing games. A new and ingenious one consists of words beginning with e-a-t, and was called "A Quest for Queer Cats." There were twenty questions which, with answers, are given below:

1. A place for the burial of the dead. (Catacomb.)
2. A swoon. (Catalepsy.)
3. What is this book? (Catalogue.)
4. A well known domestic animal (Cat.)
5. An ancient engine used for throwing stones. (Catapult.)
6. A raft with a sail. (Catamaran.)
7. Niagara falls. (Cataract.)
8. Cold in the head. (Catarrh.)
9. A calamity. (Catastrophy.)
10. To seize with the hand. (Catch.)
- 11.—A sauce. (Catsup.)
12. To question. (Catechise.)
- 13.—A well known plant. (Catnip.)
14. One of the finny tribe. (Catfish.)
15. A book used in Sunday school. (Catechism.)
16. A large church. (Cathedral.)
17. A violin string. (Catgut.)
18. A whip. (Cat-o-nine-tails.)
19. A dupe. (Catspaw.)
20. A plant. (Cats foot.)

the ceiling, which brought out the splendid coloring of the pictures illustrating Christ's life, with which the walls are richly adorned.

Here, indeed, if legend be true, we are standing on holy ground; for but a few paces away, approached by a flight of steps, is the very scene of our Saviour's birth. It is but a tiny room, this "Grotto of the Chamber" as it is called, and it contains but a small altar, said to occupy the very ground on which the wise men from the East prostrated themselves before the infant Jesus.

A CHRISTMAS LOVE PUZZLE.

A young man asked an old man for his daughter in marriage. The answer was: "Go into the orchard and bring me a parcel of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number, and the mother one-half of the balance, and half an apple over, and the daughter one-half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself without cutting the apple, and then, if she is willing, you can have her." He solved the question; and how many did he bring? Fourteen, as you can easily prove. The old woman was to have one-half of the balance, which would be three and a half and half an apple over, which would make four apples for her. There would be three apples left, of which the daughter was to have one-half and half an apple over, which would give her two and leave the lover his one, without cutting the apple.

"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking round the furniture shop to-day?" asked a young husband of his late-made wife, on her return from a tour of furniture inspection. "Yes," she replied; "I saw something exceedingly pretty in looking-glasses." "I have no doubt you did," he observed, "if you looked into them." The halo of a calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.



THE WINTERS WE USED TO HAVE.

I feel the change, I guess I'm gittin' old, 's the winter's mild, the weather's never cold; but does fall nowadays is rainy like a d d thin, 't a half a day and then it's gone agin.

W we used to have, I've seen it two feet deep; 's nights to go to bed and git your solid sleep; 's days to git a sleigh an' harness up the mare.

loose right down the road to let her rip and tear; was hard and flaky, too, and smooth! well, just like glass, any nag around that my n g couldn't pass.

s at winter time the plants is fit to bud, 's sleighin' to be done you do it in the mud.

's teeth's putty scarce. but not more so than snow, me ain't what it was some thirty years ago.

smallest of your saucepans; and two ounces of chocolate melted over hot water; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and a teaspoonful of water. Stand the saucepan in another containing a little hot water and stir with the handle of your wooden paddle, until the mixture is creamy. If too thick when very hot add a few drops of water until it is the proper consistency. Take it to the table, hot water and all; drop in, one at a time, the centres; lift with the dipper, and turn carefully on oiled paper.

After you have finished the chocolate dip the other centres in the same way, using different flavoring. For coffee creams use extract of coffee. For orange the yellow grained rind of an orange and a little orange juice as it is melting down. For pistachio creams use the chopped nuts, both in centres and coverings, coloring both a light green with a little bruised parsley or spinach.

For creamed dates split the dates and remove the seeds. Roll fondant the same size, put it into the dates, press together, and roll in granulated sugar; or the spaces from which the seeds were taken may be filled with quarters of English walnuts. Split candied cherries, and put in a piece of fondant the size of a cherry stone; press together, and roll in granulated sugar. Put all these on greased papers in a dry place until next day.

To make creamed English walnuts, roll a piece of fondant the size of an almond; put it on one-half of the walnut and press it down with another half and with the index finger of your right hand pack it into the little crevices, giving it a finished look.

Put bits of nuts left over and some pine into a square greased bakingpan. Melt a pound of sugar in a dry saucepan over the fire, stirring constantly. When straw-colored pour it over the nuts and stand them aside.

SURPRISE NUTS.

Nuts are the most important feature of a Christmas party. They may be put to unusual uses.

Pretty confectionery-holders may be made from walnuts. To prepare these, take some large nuts, a small bottle of gold or silver paint, some short pieces of very narrow ribbon, and small sweets.

The shell of the walnut is carefully prised apart with the thin blade of a pocket-knife. The kernel is removed, and the walls of the nut are scraped as smooth as possible.

With any sharp instrument holes are bored in the ends of the two pieces of shell. The outside of the nut is then coated with gold or silver paint and allowed to dry before the bits of ribbon, which are to form the hinges, are threaded through the perforations at the ends of the sections.

The inside of the nut is filled with small sweets before the last bow is tied. In its completed form, the souvenir looks like a gold nut.

Serise nuts are made in much the same way as the bonbonnières. Instead of being filled with sweets, the interior of this souvenir is filled with cotton-wool, of the same color as the accompanying ribbons. Inside the cotton some pretty little gift may be tucked away.

Tiny dolls and miniature toys of any kind are suitable for the surprise nuts. Pretty trinkets made of silver may be purchased, if the hostess wishes to make particularly acceptable souvenirs.

NUTCRACKERS.

The average of bright sunshine on Christmas Day at Greenwich is forty minutes.

Britain exports 200 tons of plum pudding a year.

Christmas cards were first made in Britain in 1862.

The first Christmas turkey was eaten in England in 1524.

In Cromwell's time no church service was permitted on Christmas Day.

December 28th, Innocents' Day, is considered in Wales the most unlucky day in the year.

At Alnwick, sweets called "Yule Babies" are given to the children on Christmas morning.

They are sold in fit for market weight from 21 pounds to 40 pounds. A good weight for a hen turkey is 16 pounds.

It was on Christmas Day, 1879, Sir W. Lohart avenged the death of Cavagnari by entering Cabul.

The people in the Scandinavian island of Dago have a curious custom of putting five candles on each branch of the Christmas tree.

Goose-dancing in which men wear women's hats and women men's coats is the Christmas amusement in the Shetland Islands.

ROMANCE OF A PEERAGE

A CORNISH CLAIMS ROYAL DESCENT.

And Asserts His Right to a Scottish Title—His Claim Opposed.

The Mayor of Listwithiel, in Cornwall, England, Alderman Robert Barclay-Allardice, is asserting a right to be recognized as of royal descent, and heir to one of the oldest and greatest peerages of Scotland. In other words, he claims to be the nineteenth descendant of Prince David Earl of Strathern, the eldest son by the second marriage of Robert II., King of Scotland, and to be heir to the ancient and now dormant Graham earldoms of Strathern, Menteith and Airth. In all probability, this romantic peerage claim will come before the House of Lords next session.

There are many picturesque and historic episodes in the long history of these once famous titles—that of Menteith dates back to 1427, and that of Strathern to 1371. The last-named earldom was created in the reign of King Robert II., who married in 1355 Lady Euphemia, the daughter of the Earl of Ross. One of the sons was Prince David, who was made Earl Palatine of Strathern.

According to the popular belief through several centuries, an absolute right to crown the King was vested in the descendants of that place, whose brother, by the way, was Earl of Athol.

The title of Strathern was taken away by King James I. of Scotland, and that of Menteith substituted, but the seventh Earl, who was Justice-General and a great Court favorite, reassumed the original title, and unwisely boasted that his "Stuart blood" was "the reddest in Scotland."

This roused the jealousy of Charles I., who promptly deprived him of his patent, but conferred on him, as some recompense, the new style of Earl of Airth. This nobleman was afterwards called Earl of Airth and Menteith.

But gradually the earls lost power and wealth. The last holder of the titles died in 1691, and the earldoms have ever since been a bone of contention between various branches of the family.

THE "BEGGAR EARL."

There was a remarkable development in the eighteenth century, when a great-grandson of one of the two sisters left by the last legitimate earl assumed the title afresh, and voted in the elections of Scottish representatives from 1744 to 1761. He was called the "Beggart Earl," for he was reduced to living on alms, and he died on the roadside a homeless vagrant.

The "Beggart Earl's" sister married an exciseman, and her daughter, though a very poor woman, insisted on being addressed as "Lady Mary Bogle."

The family of the present claimant have several times tried to get a decision in their favor without success, and presumably some new evidence will be now forthcoming.

Alderman Barclay-Allardice, who is sixty-three years old, bases his claim on descent from a sister of the last lawful earl. This last reached Sir John Allardice, of Allardice, and died in 1720. Her great-grandson, James Allardice, of Allardice, died in 1765, leaving an only child, Sarah Anne, his sole heir.

She married Robert Barclay, of Ury, and the son of this marriage, Robert Barclay Allardice, of Ury, unsuccessfully claimed the Earldoms of Strathern, Menteith and Airth. He died in 1854.

The next link in the chain is Margaret, only daughter and heir of Captain Barclay Allardice. She married

Gartmore, and the second a Barclay-Allardice.

But Mrs. Graham points out that this matter is not of supreme importance, as, whatever may be the ultimate decision as to the matrimonial alliances of the two families, if any decision is ever arrived at, Mr. Cunningham-Graham claims through hereditary male descent, and is undoubtedly the heir.

Formerly the titles included the Earldom of Strathern, and it may be that Mr. Cunningham-Graham inherits from the earlier holder of that title that "rebellious spirit defying the law" when he believes it wrong, which brought him into the fight for free speech and the displeasure of the authorities.

"Treason."

This forbear dared to say that his blood was redder than the King's and for that serious verbal treason, and certain alleged disloyalties of more emphatic character, he was declared to have forfeited the Earldom of Strathern, which now belongs to the Duke of Connaught.

The last Earl of Menteith, unfortunately, fell into the snare in incurring the displeasure of the Crown, without legal formalities was forbidden to use the title of Menteith, and ordered to use only that of Earl of Airth. Perhaps the Royal Displeasure may be accounted for by the fact that the then Earl of Menteith was so unwise as to lend his Majesty several thousand pounds, and to express surprise that it was not repaid.

The title and estates next come into possession of Sir John Graham, who died insane, and was succeeded by a sister, of whom there are no descendants living. But before her life became extinct the family appears to have become more and more impoverished, one of them being known as the "Beggart Earl," who died in a ditch at Bo hail, and was buried by a stable folk.

This branch of the family gave up its rights to the title and estates about 1760, when the survivors were two maiden ladies, to whom Robert Graham, Receiver of Jamaica, Rector of Glasgow, and a member of the Reformed Parliament of Charles James Fox, made an advance, receiving resignations of all that remained to them of interest in the title.

William Graham, the son of Sir Robert, was a very different character from his father, caring little for the honor of his family, and of no great personal retitude. He set to work to squander the wealth he had inherited, ruined Gartmore and any who should succeed to it, and finally started the whole civilized world, and left the country. Mr. Cunningham-Graham is the eldest son of the late William Cunningham-Graham-Bontine and of the Hon. Mrs. Bontine, who was a sister of the fourth baron Eglinton, and was raised to the dignity of a baron's daughter in 1861.

Another claimant to the Menteith and Airth Earldoms is John Graham, who once had a little place near Gartmore, and was known as the Earl of Menteith. He is now in Canada.

SLIGHT BULLET WOUNDS.

Even Important Organs Pierced Does Not Mean Death.

Dr. Hohlbeck, a Russian doctor following his profession at the seat of war in the Far East, sends to the St. Petersburg "Medical Weekly" an interesting account of the effect of the small calibre bullet.

The Japanese, he says, make frequent use of the so-called Maxim guns, whose calibre is almost the same as that of the infantry rifle, viz., six millimetres (about a quarter of an inch).

The wounds caused by these bullets heal better than those made by the Lee-Metford or Mauser rifle, and often pass through important organs without apparently any deleterious

STRANGE NEW ZEALAND

NATURE HAS BEEN LAVISH WITH SCENIC GIFTS.

There Are Snow-clad Volcanoes, and Lakes in Mountain Tops.

To no country in the world has nature been so prodigal of scenic gifts as to the island of New Zealand, where man has done so much to enhance the enjoyment of prodigal natural bounties, writes a correspondent in Auckland.

The south island boasts of a magnificent range, which includes the largest glacier outside the Arctic regions; fjords more wonderful than those of Norway, the unrivalled Otera and Buller gorges, the highest waterfall in the world and ice cold lakes. The north island prides itself on the largest geyser in the universe, marvellous boiling springs, hot lakes and extinct and active volcanoes, all in the Taupo zone, which gives its name to still another wonder, Lake Taupo, the island's inland sea.

Taupo Moana is called by the Maoris, who have their principal strongholds close to its picturesque borders, and there are few localities so rich in general attractions as this lake, which is at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet above the sea level. It is twenty-five miles long by sixteen and one-half wide, and when a northwesterly blows across its depths of ninety fathoms the surface assumes the aspect of

AN ANGRY SEA.

Taupo lies on the north shore of the lake, and for its chief attraction has an old Maori redoubt, situated on a high bank of the Waikato River and rich in memories of stirring events. Close by one frequently sees a Maori canoe paddled across the river, which here emerges from the clear lake and shapes its course in a rapid rush through rugged gorges and broad plains to the sea. The Waikato serves as a dividing line between the European settlement of Taupo town and the native village of Tapuae-Iharuru on the heights, which in the war period of 1865-71 was fortified.

Looking across the lake toward the south the traveller can see at the back of Rotoaira the snowclad volcanoes of Tongairua, Ngauruhoe and Raupehu. These peaks are invested with a drapery of ice and snow, and from their summits is a constant issue of sulphurous steam and smoke in clouds and spires. Until recently these mountains were held sacred by the Maoris, and on the altars of their snow capped craters and glacial recesses they offered homage to their deified ancestors.

REGION FULL OF INTEREST.

The whole place teems with interest—history and mythological traditions of the tribal heroes. Every hill and glade, even the trees and flowers have mystic associations with demigods, elfs or demons, for the folklore of the Maoris is the richest in the world.

Half way across Taupo Moana is the forest-clad island of Motutaka, which in the past was the fortified stronghold of a mighty race, but which for many generations has been used as a tribal burying place.

On the northern shore, within a short distance of the township, is the extinct volcano of the Tauhara, rising into the air 3,600 feet, and now heavily wooded.

Clearly defined above all formations is a terrace which encircles the lake a hundred feet above its present level, showing that in olden times the waters of Taupo were that much higher than at the present day. The western shores of the lake are famed for the rhyolitic cliffs of Karangahape, which rise in a perpendicular precipice a thousand odd feet above sixty fathoms of water. There still exist many evidences that these cliffs used as a last refuge by natives fleeing from their enemies.

BLANKETS OF SNOW.

Man, Who Prefers to Sleep in a Flowed Furrow.

Except for a few short intervals, William Nuttall of Accrington, England, has slept in the open fields for twenty-eight years, summer and winter alike, enduring heat or cold careless of frost or fog, and impervious to rain or snow.

He is a man of low mental capacity, and, according to the police, is, like Major Bagstock, "tough and devilish sly," at the same time possessing all the remarkable oropensities for sleep which are attributed to Mr. Wardle's fat page.

Hundreds of people have met him walking along the roads while asleep and at a certain corner in Accrington he props himself against a wall and spends several hours each day in slumber.

In January, while standing in the dock at Accrington police court, he leaned on the rails and dozed off, too drowsy to pay attention to the story of his habits which was told to the bench.

"Why don't you work?" asked one of the magistrates. The question had to be brought to his notice more immediately by a policeman bawling out the words in his ear.

Nuttall half opened his eyes and lisped out, "It canna be done," and forthwith dropped into a profound slumber, delightfully oblivious that the magistrates were sending him to Preston jail.

"Do you see that heap in a field over yonder!" asked a farmer who lives in one of the wildest and bleakest regions in the district, and who was addressing the chief constable of Accrington, whom he met in the early hours of a March morning. "That's 'Piggy' Nuttall. He has slept in that furrow for three weeks."

The earth was frost-bound, everything was covered with a white hoar rime, and dew drops glistened on the blades of grass in the rising sun.

Amid these conditions Nuttall slept. He was curled up like a hare, and when roused got up, shook himself, rubbed his hands and walked off.

Two nights afterwards he was found in the same spot, and in order to protect him from himself he was sent to prison for two months. He has been convicted a dozen times for this offence, and his only objection to prison is that jails are draughty.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE LIES

THE FOLLY OF KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

Devices Some People Adopt So That Strangers May Think Them Wealthy.

The mad struggle to appear as prosperous as their wealthier neighbors is waged as fiercely by sober, common-sense business men as it is by the shallowest and most foolish young men and women.

Where will this insane mania to appear what we are not, to get wealth at any cost, or to make people believe we are rich when we are poor, or in moderate circumstances, carry us, if it is not checked? In too many instances, as the daily papers testify, it leads to bankruptcy and disgrace. How many of the defalcations, the embezzlements, and the petty stealings of cashiers, of bookkeepers, of treasurers, or of people in various other positions of trust, are due to this terrible craze to make a showy appearance!

CLOTHES AND WAGES.

All classes are becoming infected by it. From the millionaire to the clerk and the factory girl, the overmastering idea seems to be to make as much display as possible. You cannot tell by the dress or appearance of many young wage-earners anything about their real incomes or their homes. Many of the poorer

1865, leaving an only child, Sarah Anne, his sole heir.

She married Robert Barclay, of Ury, and the son of this marriage, Robert Barclay Allardice, of Ury, un-
 success fully claimed the Earldoms of
 Strathern, Monteith and Airth. He
 died in 1854.

The next link in the chain is
 Margaret, only daughter and heir of
 Captain Barclay Allardice. She married
 in 1810 Samuel Ritchie, and
 was considered to possess a well-found-
 ed claim to being the ten representa-
 tive of one of the princes of Royal
 blood of Scotland.

Robert Barclay Allardice died in
 1851, and through the death of his
 mother, Alderman R. Barclay Allar-
 dice is now, he asserts, representa-
 tive of dormant titles, and is pur-
 suing his claim to be reinstated into
 the family honours with every hope
 of success.

The claimant was born at Hamilton
 on May 19, 1841. In 1883 he
 assumed by Royal license the sur-
 name of Barclay-Allardice in lieu
 of his patronymic.

A LIAV CLAIMANT APPEARS.

It is not out of any love for titles
 that Mr. Cunningham-Graham has
 decided to contest the claim of Mr.
 Barclay-Allardice, Mayor of Lost-
 withie to the Earldom of Monteith
 and Airth.

The reason, according to Mrs.
 Graham, is that her husband, though
 caring nothing for the title as such,
 declines to allow it to go where he
 knows there is no right.

Mr. Robert Cunningham-Graham
 is an Indian and not member
 of the House of Commons from 1886
 to 1892, sitting for North Lanark-
 shire, and is well known as a staunch
 champion of labor and friend of the
 working classes. He has led an ad-
 venturous life, cattle farming in
 Mexico, and venturing, disguised as a
 slave, through parts of Morocco where
 danger stood at every turn. For a
 time he was imprisoned in one of the
 castles of the wild tribesmen, with his
 life in peril, but he escaped by a
 miraculous intervention on the part
 of friends at Tangier.

While in Mexico he met the lady
 who is now his wife, Gabriela, daugh-
 ter of Don Francisco Jose de la Bal-
 montire. She is of the same ad-
 venturous disposition as her husband,
 and frequently travels for weeks
 in Spain with no attendant but a
 maid and a mulatto, sleeping fre-
 quently in the open air without
 guard.

"I should like my husband to claim
 his title and take his seat among the
 Scottish peers," she remarked. "He
 does not want the title, and I don't
 know that it would be much value
 to me, for when I am abroad I
 should prefer to be Mrs. Graham. But
 it is a right, and should not be taken
 from him."

It is nothing more than a coin-
 cidence, though others may make more
 of it, that Mr. Cunningham-Graham
 has just repossessed himself of one of
 the family estates at Airth, in Dun-
 bartonshire, where, in future, he will
 make his British home.

AN EARLIER LAWSUIT.

This is not the first time that the
 Grahams of Gartmore have contested
 with the Barclay-Allardices the right
 to this earldom. Early in the last
 century the Barclay-Allardices set up
 a claim to the title, and the matter
 attracted the attention of the House
 of Lords for a considerable period.
 On that occasion the Grahams of
 Gartmore fought the matter out, and
 the claim was disallowed.

The ground on which the Barclay-
 Allardices base their claim to the
 title is the allegation that the elder
 sister of the last Earl of Monteith
 carried it with her. This gives rise
 to a controversy that could hardly
 be possible under our present system
 of public registration. One side
 claims that it was this elder sister
 who married into the Barclay-Allar-
 dice family, and the other that it was
 the younger. All that is established
 beyond dispute at present is that one
 sister married Sir William Graham of

the small calibre bullet.

The Japanese, he says, make fre-
 quent use of the so-called Maxim
 guns, whose calibre is almost the
 same as that of the infantry rifle,
 viz., six millimetres (about a quar-
 ter of an inch).

The wounds caused by these bullets
 heal better than those made by the
 Lee-Metford or Mauser rifle, and
 often pass through important organs
 without apparently any deleterious
 effect.

Bullets have, for example, traversed
 men's necks, without leaving a
 sign of a wound on the windpipe or
 gullet. When a bullet penetrates the
 fleshy part of the body it leaves
 only a tiny slit in the skin, which is
 often found only with great difficul-
 ty.

The number of bone fractures is
 strikingly small, though, perhaps,
 owing to the small calibre and the
 great penetrating force of the Japa-
 nese bullets, many more holes have
 been made in bones than we ima-
 gine.

Skull wounds are the worst.
 Wounds in the chest and lungs are
 comparatively easy to deal with,
 but lack of time, room, water, and
 other necessities render it impossi-
 ble to open the abdomen to attend
 to the wounds there.

Much time is saved in the field
 hospital owing to the wounds being
 so clean. It frequently happens
 that the inlet and the outlet of the
 bullet are merely covered with medi-
 cated gauze which is fixed in posi-
 tion with strips of sticking plaster,
 and that is all the bandaging re-
 quired.

SOME WISE OLD SAYINGS.

A blithe heart makes a blooming
 face.

A ice generally mis-allocates, and
 as generally deceives.

A burden which one chooses is not
 felt.

A man had better be poisoned in
 his blood than in his principles.

A careless watch invites a vigilant
 foe.

A clean glove often hides a dirty
 hand.

Against fortune, oppose courage;
 against passion, reason.

A clear conscience fears no accusa-
 tion.

A man who breaks his word bids
 others be false to him.

A contented mind is a continual
 feast.

Adversity willingly undergone is
 the greatest virtue.

A cracked bell is never sound.

Adversity successfully overcome is
 the highest glory.

A drowning man will catch at a
 straw.

Affairs must suffer when recreation
 is preferred to business.

A faithful friend is a strong de-
 fence.

A LAND OF BEGGARS.

To be a mendicant in India is to
 be a member of an officially recog-
 nized profession, for in a volume
 of statistics relating to our Indian Em-
 pire from 1893-1894 to 1902-1903, it
 is stated that the number of non-re-
 ligious mendicants is 2,433,115, of
 whom 1,572,179 are males. Another
 curious item in this remarkable vol-
 ume, which reduces the country, its
 people, its trade, and everything con-
 nected with it to tables and figures,
 is that in 1902, 23,168 criminals
 were sentenced to be whipped. Over
 24,000 persons are annually killed by
 wild animals and snakes, the larger
 portion being the victims of the
 snakes. Under this head there were
 23,166 deaths in 1903.

MANCHESTER FOREMOST.

Once Norfolk held the proud pos-
 session of being the greatest of cloth-
 making counties, but it has long since
 turned its attention to other manu-
 factures, and to-day Manchester turns
 out more yards of material than any
 other city on earth.

lake a hundred feet above its present
 level, showing that in olden times
 the waters of Taupo were that much
 higher than at the present day. The
 western shores of the lake are famed
 for the rhyolitic cliffs of Karanga-
 hape, which rise in a perpendicular
 precipice a thousand odd feet above
 sixty fathoms of water. There still
 exist many evidences that those cliffs
 used as a last refuge by natives fleeing
 from their enemies.

REGION OF CAVE DWELLERS.

Caves abound in Karangahape and
 all at one time or other served as
 living places for the Taupo natives,
 who were cave dwellers at the na-
 tive land court of Taupo twenty
 years ago the old warrior Hitiri Te
 Paerata said:—

"I was born in a cave at Kawaka-
 wa. At Waihaha there is a cave
 called Oruawakaha belonging to two
 tribes. The chief and his father are
 buried there. At Karangahape
 point is a cave which was used as a
 pa (fortress) and called Omumutu."

There are other interesting records
 of the same character, showing that
 these caves served as birth and death
 places and fortified abodes of the
 Maoris, who distinguished them by
 names, as they do houses and even
 trees.

Close to Karangahape cliffs is a
 native settlement, which numbers
 among its residents the old Chief
 Hitiri. Hitiri is a warrior of proud
 ancestry, the hero of many valiant
 battles. In 1864 he led the hope-
 less defense of Orakau pa, which
 fell to an overwhelming British force
 under General Cameron. Hitiri's
 father and other relatives were killed,
 but he and his sister, who was
 wounded escaped.

These sole survivors of the fight
 still entertain travellers with ac-
 counts of how they held the fort
 against tremendous odds, and finally
 succeeded in breaking through the
 line of military in their escape.

An abiding charm of Taupo Lake
 is the diversity of its shores. Water-
 falls, valleys, rapids, boiling springs
 and icy fountains lend variety to the
 western line, which is enhanced by
 fine stretches of primeval bush, in
 many places sloping down to the
 water.

In summer time the stately branch-
 es of the Christmas tree wave their
 gorgeous crimson above the clear
 blue waters of the lake. Along the
 eastern shore is a feast of flowers,
 all peculiar to the place. Groves of
 native evergreens are festooned with
 delicate lianas and in season beauti-
 fied with the floss of the wild clematis.
 Then there is the yellow
 kowhai, which showers the lake and
 banks with a shawl of golden petals
 and which won the notice of Rud-
 yard Kipling in a poem that recorded
 his visit to New Zealand.

ONCE A VOLCANO.

According to geographical data
 the lake of Taupo was once an im-
 mense volcano. A final touch of var-
 iety is lent to its remarkable sur-
 roundings by the stretches of pumice
 deposit which at intervals coat many
 miles of the country. This gray ec-
 cta obtrudes its melancholy dullness
 on sylvan grove and forbidding cliff
 land alike, but seems to form an
 appropriate background for the pic-
 turesque Maori villages, where the
 dignified native pursues his mystic
 way in the heart of the thermal dis-
 trict, two hundred miles from the
 busy city of Auckland.

A match-cutting machine is an au-
 tomatic curiosity. It cuts 10,000,000
 a day, and arranges them over a
 vat where the heads are put on.

Dr. Breillard has invented a boot
 with a spring in the heel which prom-
 ises to make walking more easy and
 pleasant.

"They said all sorts of unkind
 things about you." "Such as what?"
 "Well, they said that you married
 for money." "But you didn't be-
 lieve it, did you?" "Not until I saw
 your husband." After that there
 came an estrangement between the
 two dear friends.

to make a showy appearance.

CLOTHES AND WAGES.

All classes are becoming infected
 by it. From the millionaire to the
 clerk and the factory girl, the over-
 mastering idea seems to be to make
 as much display as possible. You
 cannot tell by the dress or appear-
 ance of many young wage-earners
 anything about their real incomes or
 their homes. Many of the poorer
 among them will even wear showy
 and costly garments outside, with-
 out reference to cleanliness or de-
 cency in the clothing that is not
 seen.

I know of young men who live in
 attics, in the midst of poverty of
 surroundings, and deny themselves
 all but the bare necessities of life
 in order that they may appear two
 or three evenings a week in dress
 suits in some fashionable club.

Young women who work for small
 salaries in department stores will
 go without proper food for months
 in order that they may be able to
 purchase cheap imitations of an elab-
 orate garment they have seen on a
 wealthy woman in some public place.

It is pitiable to think of the de-
 vices that people resort to in order
 to live a lie, and to foist themselves
 upon the public for what they are
 not. There seems to be no limit to
 the depths of silliness, meanness,
 falsity, and dishonor, to which the
 straining for appearances will not
 lead.

It is deplorable to think how many
 naturally noble young men and
 young women owe their downfall to
 the foolish idea that, unless they
 live in a certain style, they will be
 looked down upon, and will not be
 able to get on in the world.

FOOLISH IDEAS.

Dressing or living beyond one's
 means is nothing less than absolute
 dishonesty. If you are trying to
 do what you cannot afford to do
 you are living a lie. If you are
 wearing clothes that you cannot af-
 ford, they are perpetual witnesses
 against you. They are labelled all
 over with falsehood.

If your jewellery, your carriages,
 your furs, and your costly gowns
 tell me that you are rich, when you
 live in a poverty-stricken home, and
 when your mother is obliged to make
 all sorts of sacrifices to enable you
 to make this false display, you lie
 just as surely as you would if you
 should try to deceive me by your
 words. You cannot afford to wear
 lies on your body, or eat lies at ex-
 pensive cafes, any more than you
 can afford to tell lies with your
 tongue.

A THOUSAND LIES.

There is only one possible result
 upon character of falsehoods, whether
 acted or told, and that is perpet-
 ual deterioration and demoraliza-
 tion. No one can act a lie or live
 a lie without being dishonest.

When a man sacrifices his honesty,
 he loses the mainspring of his char-
 acter, and he cannot be perfectly
 honest when he is lying by frequent-
 ing costly restaurants or hotels,
 by wearing expensive clothing, or by
 extravagant living in any of its var-
 ied expressions, when he cannot af-
 ford it.

There are a thousand ways of
 lying, but all lead to the same
 end. It does not matter whether
 you wear lies, tell lies, act lies, or
 live lies, your character is ruined
 all the same.

There is no more demoralising in-
 fluence in modern life than the un-
 natural straining to seem other than
 we are.—London Answers.

A SURE CURE.

Young Man (to editor)—"Here is a
 little poem of a pathetic nature, sir.
 I showed it to my mother, and she
 actually cried over it."

Editor (after reading the poem)—
 "You say your mother cried?"

Young Man—"Yes, sir."

Editor—"Well, you go home and
 promise your mother never to write
 any more poetry, and I think the
 old lady will dry her eyes."

AMUSING COMPETITIONS

A GOLD MEDAL FOR AN AGGRESSIVE NOSE.

French Washerwomen Compete in An Exciting Tournament.

Another competition which can always be relied on to rouse the French enthusiasm is a tournament of washerwomen. At a recent match of his kind the women employed at all the laundries in Paris competed. There were two heats, the first of which was fought out in the various districts, each of which then sent its champion to represent it in the final struggle. Geneva, too, has a great reputation throughout the Continent for its laundry competitions. The matches usually take place in the open air in the waters of the Rhone. At a given signal each laundress plunges her dirty clothes into the river, and each article has to be thoroughly cleansed, rinsed, wrung, and hung to dry. At a recent tournament a charming young Parisian laundress caused much local heartburning by snatching the first prize from the cleverest washerwoman of Geneva.

Rome has recently entered the arena of odd competitions by promoting a dancing-match, the prizes being awarded to the dancers who made the greatest number of steps in a given time. The records made were certainly astounding, for at the close it was found that a lady had actually danced 28,000 steps, while her nearest rival, also a lady, had the very creditable score of 21,000 steps. It is a tribute to the Terpsichorean superiority of the fair sex that the most nimble-footed of the men did not reach even 15,000 steps.

In another dancing tournament at Paris M. Vincent and Mlle. Scherlin succeeded in waltzing for six hours and three-quarters without a moment's rest; while at New York Professor Cartier waltzed for sixteen consecutive hours, from 9 a.m. to one o'clock next morning.

The little town of Nogent on the Marne, in France, is famous for its curious competitions, which range from barrel-rolling to whip-cracking. At a recent contest of the latter kind there were fifty competitors, and the prizes went to the men who could make the greatest number of different cracking sounds in the most rapid succession. The winner of the first prize, a driver of the name of Lermession, handled his whip in such a dexterous and masterly manner that he was able to give an excellent rendering of the "Marseillaise" and other popular French songs with it.

Padua is very proud of her "Concorsi di Nasi," or nose competitions. In which the prizes go to the competitors who have the "most pronounced and respectable noses"; and in a similar competition recently held at Milan, among twenty-three competitors who faced the judges, the first prize, a gold medal, was won by a Venetian—one Fortunato Michielutti by name, a match-seller—whose nose was declared to be of "formidable proportions, long, well-proportioned, aggressive, and trenchant like a knife blade."

NEW AND STRANGE.

Some of the Latest Inventions and Discoveries.

The latest idea in umbrellas is to have an attachment fitted on your shoulder to hold the umbrella, thus leaving both hands free. The gamp can be fixed at any angle, and it is provided with a shorter stick than is usual with the ordinary umbrella.

A new tube for the baby's feeding-bottle is to be commended on account of its sanitary quality—namely, that it can be turned inside out for the purpose of cleaning. The old form of tube is usually condemned by medi-

WONDERFUL OPERATIONS

SOME OF THE MARVELS OF SKIN GRAFTING.

A Little Finger Turned Into a Nose—Dog's Hair Growing on a Boy's Head.

There is a man in Philadelphia who has the strangest nose in creation. It is not really a nose at all, but the little finger of his left hand which has been amputated and secured to his face by the wonderful skin-grafting process.

This young man, named Oscar Leonard, had the misfortune to be born without the usual nasal organ. Suffering in secret until he had reached manhood, he at last persuaded the surgeons of the University Hospital, Philadelphia, to make him the best possible substitute.

Accordingly, one day, he was put under chloroform, the nail and part of the skin of the fourth finger of his left hand removed, and the hand fastened to Mr. Leonard's face at the spot where the nose should have been by means of a plaster mould.

For three weeks the young fellow held his hand to his face, never once removing it, asleep or awake. Then when it was seen that the circulation of the blood had taken place, and that the finger was really growing as a nose, the patient was again subjected to an anaesthetic, and the hand and the nose were separated.

A fortnight or so later Mr. Leonard was delighted with a Roman nose that was in no way remarkable from that of his more fortunate neighbors.

LITTLE LESS WONDERFUL

was the operation performed on a boy whose nose had been torn off by a bite from a horse. The nose on this occasion, however, was constructed from a strip of flesh taken from the boy's arm. With this strip an eminent French surgeon formed the lobule and other parts of the organ, and completed the operation by covering the flesh with skin taken from the brow.

A nine-year-old New York boy, Otto Trammer by name, has a large patch of dog's hair on the top of his head. The little fellow was playing in the street when he was caught by an electric car, which dragged him along for fifty feet before being stopped. Picked up insensible, with an arm, a leg, a collar-bone broken, had several ribs fractured, it was also noticed that the child had lost his scalp. The bones were soon set, and the scalp restored to its place, and secured, but then remained the difficulty of replacing the missing patch.

Eventually little Otto, who had become very attached to the hospital dog, startled the surgeon by asking if part of the dog's hair could be applied to the bald patch. The experiment proved completely successful, the dog's long, black, wavy hair blending nicely and growing admirably.

ON THE BOY'S HEAD.

Pig skin was not long ago grafted on the arm of a negress, Mary Grant, of Richmond, Virginia, who had been terribly burnt in a lamp explosion. It was necessary that a certain amount of skin should be grafted on the woman's arm to save her life, and as none of her relatives would consent to be operated upon, the surgeon, seized by a bright idea, sent for a pig two months old. This was chloroformed, and deprived of sufficient skin to cover the burnt part of the patient's body. The operation was entirely satisfactory.

Frog's skin has been similarly used—also on the arm of a patient who had lost twenty-five square inches of skin through blood-poisoning. Four days after the operation the frog's skin had taken hold, forming a red, healthy epidermis.

A much more extraordinary feat, of course, was that which restored the sight to a Mr. Striebel, of Clinton, Ohio. The creature used this time

THE EVIDENCE OF HIS EYES.

Professor Had Not Quite Faith Enough to Trust Himself.

It is often easy for a man to convince himself that he believes a certain thing, but to act on the belief sometimes requires a powerful faith. That was evidently the quality lacking in a college professor who went with Mr. Simon Lake into the diving compartment of his submarine boat. The story is related in "Submarine Navigation," by Mr. Alan Burgoyne.

Every one knows that if an uncorked bottle filled with air is placed in water, mouth down, only so much water will enter it as required to compress the air in the bottle enough to equal the pressure of the water. If the air pressure could be otherwise increased no water at all could come in.

For more than half a century this principle has been made use of in submarine boats to provide a mode of egress for a diver. In the Lake boat there is an "air-chamber" forward in which the air pressure is made a trifle greater than the water pressure outside. When a door in the bottom of the car is opened no water comes in, and those in the boat, reaching down with a short rake, are able to pick up oysters, sponges or whatever they see on the bottom of the ocean.

The professor was a learned man, and he knew all about the theory of the case; but still he had not quite faith enough to trust himself under water in a bottomless boat. Mr. Lake took him into the diving compartment to exhibit it.

After closing the air-lock door he noticed beads of perspiration standing on the professor's forehead. When the compressed air came in with a great noise, the professor grabbed one of the frames and looked longingly at the closed door.

"By the way, professor," said Mr. Lake, turning off the air, "are you troubled with heart-disease?"

"Why, yes," he said, "my heart is a little affected."

"Well, never mind," said the inventor. "This little distance will not disturb you. If you feel any pain swallow as if you were drinking water."

He turned on the air again, and the professor began to swallow. During the half-minute or so following, while the pressure was increasing, he swallowed enough, the inventor said afterward, to have drowned himself. When the pressure was right, Mr. Lake stooped and began to unscrew the panel in the floor.

"What are you doing?" demanded the professor.

"I am going to open this door so you can see the bottom."

"No, no," said the professor, throwing out his hands, "don't do that. I would not put you to all that trouble for the world."

Just then, however, the door dropped open. The professor, who had turned deathly pale, started forward. Not a drop of water entered. As he saw the calm surface of it there beneath his feet as untroubled as if it had been the very top of the ocean, instead of almost the bottom, the color came back to his face and he drew a great sigh.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Well! Of course I knew it wouldn't come in. I know why it doesn't come in. But if I had not seen it I should never have believed it!"

HORRORS OF CONSCRIPTION.

The Kind of Soldiers Russia Is Turning Out.

The Jews' Temporary Shelter in Whitechapel, London, is at present kept very busy providing for the Russian refugees escaping from their native land to avoid being sent to the front. The shelter, although a Jewish institution, gives its services to Christians as well, and by providing a comfortable sleeping-place and information as to fares

PORT ARTHUR'S HERO

GENERAL UNEQUALLED BEHIND HIS EARTHWORKS.

He Is Solid, Taciturn, Devoid of Humor, and an Unbending Martinet.

It is the bad luck of the Russians that during the three great military crises which they have had to face during the last half-century they have had to rely on men of foreign name and foreign blood to pull them through with credit. It was Todleben, a man of German origin, who held the southern Port Arthur, Sebastopol, against four nations for a year of unparalleled horror. It was the same German, Todleben, who ringed round Plevna with an irrefragable circle of stone and steel, after even the human whirlwind, Skobelev, had failed to break in; and it is a man of the same race, the "German" Stoessel, who has held Port Arthur throughout the awful agony of all these months. Yet Anatoli Mikhailovitch Stoessel, though the bearer of a German name, has probably assimilated as much of the Slav as it is possible for a German to do. His family traditions are inseparably bound up with Russia and Russia's army. His grandfather, General Ivan Stoessel, fought against Napoleon and governed Czarское Selo; his father, Mikhail Stoessel, joined the Orthodox Church and served in the Emperor's Uhlan Guards; and he himself, born fifty years ago, served not without distinction in the Russo-Turkish War. Yet as late as 1900 Stoessel was known only as commander of a Siberian Rifle Regiment; and his chance did not come until the Boxer rising, when he was the first commander to enter Tien-Tsin, and rose to the rank of major-general for dash displayed in the attack on

THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

Stoessel is essentially an engineer. "Stoessel is a bad soldier," said his commander, Kourapatkin. "Put him with equal forces against a Gouko or a Skobelev, and you'll find him tricked and cut to pieces in twenty-four hours. But stick him behind one of his own earthworks, where there's no question of manoeuvring, and all the forces of earth and hell will not prevail against him." So when the war broke out, and the Czar's counselors tried to appoint the clever soldier Linevitch to command Port Arthur, Kourapatkin stood firm that Stoessel was the man, and gained his point. Since then Stoessel's career is a matter of history. It confirms what the best Russian authorities anticipated—that he was a stern fighter and a first-rate engineer, but an indifferent general in the field. The comparative ease with which the Japanese took Nanshan and the outlying forts at Port Arthur, the desperate resistance they met with when they came to face the German general behind the main defences of the town prove that Kourapatkin was right.

Stoessel lacks most of the ordinary physical and mental attributes of the successful soldier. Podgy, undistinguished, with sleep eyes, and trim-headed, somewhat commonplace face—he is the antithesis of the dashing and somewhat vain Muscovite warrior. In St. Petersburg it used to be said that Stoessel rose rapidly through his solemn manners and his dingy uniform; and there was probably some truth in the sneer, for "Anatoli Mikhailovitch" had the style and manner of the Swiss militia soldier and the vivacious and immaculate Russian staff could not help suspecting depth beneath the studious officer's undazzling exterior. Those who dislike Stoessel—and there are many—declare that he has no feelings. Certainly he never shows any. Stolid, taciturn, and absolutely devoid of humor, Stoessel is

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ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

Canada Is Ahead of Her Neighbor to the South.

Mr. George Johnson, the Canadian statistician, presents some remarkable figures in proof of Canada's electrical progress. He shows that Canada outstrips the United States in the matter of telegraph wire mileage; her total per million inhabitants is 18,250, and that of the United States 13,000. Canada's message record in 1903 was 5,313,800, or one message per man, woman and child. Canada's electric railways carried 167,000,000 passengers in 1903, or about 31 times the population; the United States lines carried between 5,000,000,000 6,000,000,000, or about 65 times the population. In each country electric railways carried about eight times as many as were carried by the steam-driven railways. As for telephones, Canada has one for every 65 persons—an astonishing figure when we think of the scattered character of the population; the United States has one in 40. British Columbia has one in 33.—Canadian Gazette, London.

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A much more extraordinary feat, of course, was that which restored the sight to a Mr. Strichell, of Clinton, Ohio. The creature used this time was a rabbit, whose eye now enables the mine-owner to read and to see everything just as well as if he had never lost his sight. Mr. Strichell, who had lost his eye in a mine accident two years previously, had given up all hope of ever again being able to see, when Dr. Paul Walter determined to try

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.

Though the patient's right eye was entirely sightless, and the left eye had only sufficient power to detect a lighted candle placed before it, Dr. Walter was of opinion that a healthy rabbit's eye would provide a solution to the mystery.

Selecting a fine-looking rabbit, he took a piece of bunny's cornea (similar to the white part surrounding the iris and pupil of your eye), and with wonderful skill grafted it on the sightless eye of Mr. Strichell. The grafting being successful, the patient was again able to see, and in a very short time, as his health improved with glasses enabled to see as well as ever he could.

Not long ago Mr. Henry Blase, a member of the Second Regiment, National Guard, of New Jersey, was severely burnt in a mortar explosion; the regiment's colonel called a meeting of his men and asked for volunteers willing to provide a portion of the skin for their comrade. With one accord the whole of the regiment stepped out of line, and eventually twenty-two of them were operated upon. The subsequent grafting on to the body of Mr. Blase was entirely successful.—Pearson's Weekly.

KITCHENER'S INDIAN ARMY.

Scheme of Reorganization to Come Into Effect.

An army order has been issued directly giving effect to Lord Kitchener's scheme for the redistribution of the Indian army. Roughly speaking, the order groups the units in the formation in which they can best in war. The conditions of the country, it is pointed out, owing to the spread of railways, and telegraphs, have vastly changed since the Mutiny, when the present location of troops was arranged. The new scheme concentrates the troops according to present requirements, and, in particular, enables all three arms to be trained together in the various centres. Southern India is by no means denuded of troops, though the post of Lieutenant-General of the Andras army has been abolished. The military arrangements in Burma remain unchanged. The cost of the changes will, it is believed, amount to £10,000,000, which will be spread over some years.

The Bengal, Bombay and Punjab armies will be known respectively as the Eastern, Western and Northern Corps. Sir Charles Egerton will command at Sikandarabad, which will be on the same footing to Burma. The changes give increased powers to officers of divisions, leaving lieutenant-generals more leisure to superintend the training of their three divisions for war.

Each division will consist of one cavalry and three infantry brigades, as well as the divisional troops of cavalry, artillery, sappers and pioneers. The completion of the new scheme requires time, as new barracks on new lines will be required. Officers are specially directed to devote their energies towards an improved war training of their men, and Lord Kitchener confidently looks for their support in giving effect to these measures.

HORRORS OF CONSPIRACY.

The Kind of Soldiers Russia Is Turning Out.

The Jews' Temporary Shelter in Whitechapel, London, is at present kept very busy providing for the Russian refugees escaping from their native land to avoid being sent to the front. The shelter, although a Jewish institution, gives its services to Christians as well, and by providing a comfortable sleeping-place and information as to fares and emigration conditions enables refugees to pass on to America or their destination, wherever it may be, without being robbed by unscrupulous sharpers. Hundreds of Russians are at present passing through the shelter every week, only about five in every hundred intending to settle in England. The majority are at present going to America.

Both Jews and Christians were spoken to by a representative of The Daily News, and all alike told how the recruiting of reservists for the war with Japan is practically depopulating whole regions so far as adult males are concerned.

"They come to take us away without any notice, often in the middle of the night," said one. "The village is surrounded, and then house after house is visited, and if the people do not answer the knocking quickly their doors are broken in. Every man from 24 to 53 years of age, is taken, and they are all locked up and sent off, after a day or two, to some distant part of the country. There they are drilled for a few days and then packed off to the war."

"Are they allowed to say good-bye to their relatives?"

"No. A man is roused from sleep in the middle of the night, told to put on his clothes and that is the last his parents or friends see of him. There may be a letter in a few cases, but the letters must be read by officers, and there is not much in them. Generally the family hear nothing more of the one who has been taken."

"Do the wounded come back from the front?"

"No. When a man is taken he is generally never heard of again."

CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

Two British Lords With Remarkable Careers.

It is doubtful whether there two more remarkable men exist in or out of the peerage than Lord Leicester and Lord Ellesmere.

Lord Leicester, who is 83, is in many ways unique among English nobles. He is the happy father-in-law of four earls, a viscount and a baron, and is not only a great grandfather several times over, but also the proud father of a small boy of 11; while there is difference of half a century between the ages of his eldest daughter (Lady Powerscourt) and his youngest son.

Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary thing about Lord Leicester's family history is the unparalleled fact that he married his second wife, the present countess, exactly a hundred years after his father married his first, the respective dates being 1775 and 1875.

As well as being prominent in the literary world, Lord Ellesmere is a notable figure in racing circles, being the owner of Hampton, the sire of no less than five Derby winners; and it is a curious fact, though the owner of some of the finest racing stables in England, Lord Ellesmere has never made a bet.

In the agricultural world he created a sensation by a special breed of white pigs; he is also known as the man who gave \$5,000 for a fighting gamecock, and, as if all this did not lend him distinction enough, he is the owner of the finest private picture gallery in London.

The broad and crooked road is also paved with good intentions.

style and manner of the Swiss militia soldier and the vivacious and immaculate Russian staff could not help suspecting depth beneath the studious officer's undazzling exterior. Those who dislike Stoessel—and there are many—declare that he has no feelings. Certainly he never shows any. Stolid, taciturn, and absolutely devoid of humor, Stoessel is

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totally out of touch with the somewhat hysterical sentimentality of his adopted nation. His discipline is as tough as his fortifications and as sharp as his bayonets. "The man is remorseless," wrote a Russian officer, shortly after the Japanese landing at Pitsewo, who had seen a nineteen-year-old soldier shot and cast into a dishonored grave for a breach of duty in which there were more stupidity than neglect. "Carry out the sentence. It saves lives in the end," is Stoessel's grim retort to any court-martial that sends in the recommendation of mercy. And drunkard, the sleeping sentry, the culprit in some trivial act of insubordination, is flogged, or shot, or even hanged without mercy, because, with his Teutonic arithmetic and cold-blooded reasoning, Port Arthur's defender has worked it out that shooting one man for a breach of duty may save many indirectly "save the lives of a whole battalion in the day of battle. That such a man could be 'popular' in the usual sense of that misused word is not to be expected. Popularity among a populace is won by 'parent et cirenses,' and not with the ship and the scaffold. Before the fighting Stoessel's officers dreaded his rigid justice, which spared nobody, and his men, having no experience of his prowess as a fighter, and knowing only that by origin he belonged to the hated 'Niemtsi' (Germans), regarded him without enthusiasm. Things have changed since then. The few messages that have come through from the beleaguered fortress speak almost gushingly of the adoration which the garrison feel for their commander. Both have come to know one another on the field of battle, and the Russians have realized once more that it is an 'alien' who has again kept their flag from dishonor in face of the most tremendous tragedy in their history."

CARRIED OFF BRIDEGROOM.

He Was Going to Marry a Servant Girl, But Didn't.

St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, England, is in a state of excitement owing to the sensational termination of a romantic love affair.

It seems that a London gentleman, whose brother is stated to be a member of Parliament, came to St. Margaret's recently and resided in apartments. Here he fell in love with the servant and arranged to marry her. This came to the knowledge of the gentleman's brother, who expressed the intention of trying to prevent the marriage. Thereupon the engaged pair agreed to be married by special license, which they secured at Canterbury.

The wedding was arranged for half-past ten. Shortly before that hour the clergyman sent a message to the bridegroom that he would like to see him at the vicarage to examine the special license.

On arrival at the vicarage the bridegroom found there his brother and another gentleman, stated to be a solicitor. Eventually the party came out of the vicarage, and the bridegroom was persuaded to enter a carriage which was waiting outside. The party were then driven off. The bride and a friend came up just in time, and there was a painful scene.

The first time a young man falls in love he wonders what struck him. Attar-of-roses scent will be more expensive next year. The past twelve months have been bad for the crops in Bulgaria.

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Stimulant skin to cover the bare part of the patient's body. The operation was entirely satisfactory.

Frog's skin has been similarly used—also on the arm of a patient who had lost twenty-five square inches of skin through blood-poisoning. Four days after the operation the frog's skin had taken hold, forming a red, healthy epidermis.

A much more extraordinary feat, of course, was that which restored the sight to a Mr. Strichell, of Clinton, Ohio. The creature used this time was a rabbit, whose eye now enables the mine-owner to read and to see everything just as well as if he had never lost his sight. Mr. Strichell, who had lost his eye in a mine accident two years previously, had given up all hope of ever again being able to see, when Dr. Paul Walter determined to try.

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.

Though the patient's right eye was entirely sightless, and the left eye had only sufficient power to detect a lighted candle placed before it, Dr. Walter was of opinion that a healthy rabbit's eye would provide a solution to the mystery.

Selecting a fine-looking rabbit, he took a piece of bunny's cornea (similar to the white part surrounding the iris and pupil of your eye), and with wonderful skill grafted it on the sightless eye of Mr. Strichell. The grafting being successful, the patient was again able to see, and in a very short time, as his health improved with glasses enabled to see as well as ever he could.

Not long ago Mr. Henry Blase, a member of the Second Regiment, National Guard, of New Jersey, was severely burnt in a mephitic explosion; the regiment's colonel called a meeting of his men and asked for volunteers willing to provide a portion of the skin for their comrade. With one accord the whole of the regiment stepped out of line, and eventually twenty-two of them were operated upon. The subsequent grafting on to the body of Mr. Blase was entirely successful.—Pearson's Weekly.

KITCHENER'S INDIAN ARMY.

Scheme of Reorganization to Come Into Effect.

An army order has been issued directly giving effect to Lord Kitchener's scheme for the redistribution of the Indian army. Roughly speaking, the order groups the units in the formation in which they can best in war. The conditions of the country, it is pointed out, owing to the spread of railways, and telegraphs, have vastly changed since the Mutiny, when the present location of troops was arranged. The new scheme concentrates the troops according to present requirements, and, in particular, enables all three arms to be trained together in the various centres. Southern India is, by no means denuded of troops, though the post of Lieutenant-General of the Andras army has been abolished. The military arrangements in Burma remain unchanged. The cost of the changes will, it is believed, amount to £10,000,000, which will be spread over some years.

The Bengal, Bombay and Punjab armies will be known respectively as the Eastern, Western and Northern Corps. Sir Charles Egerton will be on the same footing to Burma. The changes give increased powers to officers of divisions, leaving lieutenant-generals more leisure to superintend the training of their three divisions for war.

Each division will consist of one cavalry and three infantry brigades, as well as the divisional troops of cavalry, artillery, sappers and pioneers. The completion of the new scheme requires time, as new barracks on new lines will be required. Officers are specially directed to devote their energies towards an improved war training of their men, and Lord Kitchener confidently looks for their support in giving effect to these measures.

HORRORS OF CONSCRIPTION.

The Kind of Soldiers Russia Is Turning Out.

The Jews' Temporary Shelter in Whitechapel, London, is at present kept very busy providing for the Russian refugees escaping from their native land to avoid being sent to the front. The shelter, although a Jewish institution, gives its services to Christians as well, and by providing a comfortable sleeping-place and information as to fares and emigration conditions enables refugees to pass on to America or their destination, wherever it may be, without being robbed by unscrupulous sharpers. Hundreds of Russians are at present passing through the shelter every week, only about five in every hundred intending to settle in England. The majority are at present going to America.

Both Jews and Christians were spoken to by a representative of The Daily News, and all alike told how the recruiting of reservists for the war with Japan is practically depopulating whole regions so far as adult males are concerned.

"They come to take us away without any notice, often in the middle of the night," said one. "The village is surrounded, and then house after house is visited, and if the people do not answer the knocking quickly their doors are broken in. Every man from 24 to 53 years of age, is taken, and they are all locked up and sent off, after a day or two, to some distant part of the country. There they are drilled for a few days and then packed off to the war."

"Are they allowed to say good-bye to their relatives?"

"No. A man is roused from sleep in the middle of the night, told to put on his clothes and that is the last his parents or friends see of him. There may be a letter in a few cases, but the letters must be read by officers, and there is not much in them. Generally the family hear nothing more of the one who has been taken."

"Do the wounded come back from the front?"

"No. When a man is taken he is generally never heard of again."

CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

Two British Lords With Remarkable Careers.

It is doubtful whether two more remarkable men exist in or out of the peerage than Lord Leicester and Lord Ellesmere.

Lord Leicester, who is 83, is in many ways unique among English nobles. He is the happy father-in-law of four earls, a viscount and a baron, and is not only a great grandfather several times over, but also the proud father of a small boy of 11; while there is difference of half a century between the ages of his eldest daughter (Lady Powerscourt) and his youngest son.

Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary thing about Lord Leicester's family history is the unparalleled fact that he married his second wife, the present countess, exactly a hundred years after his father married his first, the repective dates being 1775 and 1875.

As well as being prominent in the literary world, Lord Ellesmere is a notable figure in racing circles, being the owner of Hampton, the sire of no less than five Derby winners; and it is a curious fact, though the owner of some of the finest racing stables in England, Lord Ellesmere has never made a bet.

In the agricultural world he created a sensation by a special breed of white pigs; he is also known as the man who gave \$5,000 for a fighting gamecock, and, as if all this did not lend him distinction enough, he is the owner of the finest private picture gallery in London.

The broad and crooked road is also paved with good intentions.

style and manner of the Swiss militia soldier and the vivacious and immaculate Russian staff could not help suspecting depth beneath the studious officer's undazzling exterior. Those who dislike Stoessel—and there are many—declare that he has no feelings. Certainly he never shows any. Stolid, taciturn, and absolutely devoid of humor, Stoessel is

A TYPICAL TEUTON.

totally out of touch with the somewhat hysterical sentimentality of his adopted nation. His discipline is as tough as his fortifications and as sharp as his bayonets. "The man is remorseless," wrote a Russian officer, shortly after the Japanese landing at Pitsewo, who had seen a nineteen-year-old soldier shot and cast into a dishonored grave for a breach of duty in which there were more stupidity than neglect. "Carry out the sentence. It saves lives in the end," is Stoessel's grim retort to any court-martial that sends in the recommendation of mercy. And, drunkard, the sleeping sentry, the culprit in some trivial act of insubordination, is flogged, or shot, or even hanged without mercy, because, with his Teutonic arithmetic and cold-blooded reasoning, Port Arthur's defender has worked it out that shooting one man for a breach of duty may some way indirectly "save the lives of a whole battalion in the day of battle. That such a man could be 'popular' in the usual sense of that misused word is not to be expected. Popularity among a populace is won by 'parent et circenses,' and not with the ship and the scaffold. Before the fighting Stoessel's officers dreaded his rigid justice, which spared nobody, and his men, having no experience of his prowess as a fighter, and knowing only that by origin he belonged to the hated 'Niemtsi' (Germans), regarded him without enthusiasm. Things have changed since then. The few messages that have come through from the beleaguered fortress speak almost gushingly of the adoration which the garrison feel for their commander. Both have come to know one another on the field of battle, and the Russians have realized once more that it is an 'alien' who has again kept their flag from dishonor in face of the most tremendous tragedy in their history.

CARRIED OFF BRIDEGROOM.

He Was Going to Marry a Servant Girl, But Didn't.

St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, England, is in a state of excitement owing to the sensational termination of a romantic love affair.

It seems that a London gentleman, whose brother is stated to be a member of Parliament, came to St. Margaret's recently and resided in apartments. Here he fell in love with the servant and arranged to marry her. This came to the knowledge of the gentleman's brother, who expressed the intention of trying to prevent the marriage. Thereupon the engaged pair agreed to be married by special license, which they secured at Canterbury.

The wedding was arranged for half-past ten. Shortly before that hour the clergyman sent a message to the bridegroom that he would like to see him at the vicarage to examine the special license.

On arrival at the vicarage the bridegroom found there his brother and another gentleman, stated to be a solicitor. Eventually the party came out of the vicarage, and the bridegroom was persuaded to enter a carriage which was waiting outside. The party were then driven off. The bride and a friend came up just in time, and there was a painful scene.

The first time a young man falls in love he wonders what struck him. Attar-of-roses scent will be more expensive next year. The past twelve months have been bad for the crows in Bulgaria.

THE BEST WAY TO GET HAPPY.

One of the best ways to get happy is to try and make other people happy. We have any number of useful articles for Men and Boys' wear, that will make acceptable Christmas Gifts.

Mitts and Gloves of all kinds from 50c. to \$2.75.

Umbrellas from \$1.00 to 5.00.
Cashmere and Fancy Hose, 25c. to 50c.

Underwear in all makes, 50c. to \$2.50
Fancy Print and White Shirts, 75c. to \$1.50.

Winter Caps, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.
Silk Mufflers, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.
Ladies' Silk Mufflers, \$1.50.

Way's Patent Mufflers, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Boy's Fancy Woolen Sweaters 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Linen and Silk Handkerchiefs 25c, 50c, and 75c.

We Invite Your Inspection.

J. L. BOYES. DAFOE'S FLOUR.

Nonesuch, the best family flour made from local and Manitoba No. 1 hard wheat and every bag guaranteed to be first-class.

Also No. 1 hard Manitoba hard wheat Patent Flour for the Bakers and choice brands of Pastry Flour and Cornmeal, manufactured by J. R. Dafoe at the Big Mill and for sale by all the principal dealers throughout the country.

FARMERS are especially invited to have their wheat exchanged for Nonesuch Flour, and satisfaction guaranteed. Bring your feed grist also and have it ground as fine as desired and with prompt despatch.

All kinds of Grain
purchased at the
Highest Market Price.

Also a choice stock of the celebrated

Scranton Coal!

Your patronage solicited.

J. R. DAFOE,

Mr. Harry Mowers is the new proprietor of the Brisco House.

Buy your Christmas candies and nuts all fresh at GREY LION GROCERY.

E. Loyat sells cheaper than the cheapest. Royal Household flour \$2.80. Hunt's West Diamond flour, guarantee on every bag, \$2.50. Manitoba bran \$16.50 per ton shorts, \$19.75 per ton, Ontario bran \$17.50 shorts \$21.00 per ton. Barrell salt \$1.30, 10½ lbs rolled oats 25c, 10½ lbs sulphur 25c.

Nathaniel Wilson, a much respected citizen of Switzerland, died on Friday, of pneumonia, after a very short illness. Deceased was aged about forty-five years and leaves a widow and three children.

Ebony Mirrors, all sizes, ebony brushes every description, ebony manicure sets. All mounted with stirring initials. This line is more popular than ever this Xmas.

F. W. SMITH & BRO.

Headquarters for Xmas gifts.

Xmas

Bon Bons
Cakes
Novelties



XMAS GIFTS.

There is nothing more appropriate than a pair of Nice Slippers for a Xmas Gift. We have them in all styles.

Men's fancy plush or leather Slippers 75c. to \$2.50.

Ladies' fancy plush or warm felt Slippers..... 50c. to \$1.50.

Girls' and Boys' warm, comfortable Slippers,.... 30c. to \$1.00.

Children's warm, comfortable Slippers 20c. to 75c.

A large range of Leggings, Moccasins, and Warm Winter Boots to choose from.

THE **J. J. HAINES** SHOE HOUSES, Napanee, Belleville, and Trenton.
JAMES ROBLIN, Manager.

New Seeded Raisins
New Valencia Raisins
New Sultana Raisins
New Cleaned Currants
Fresh Orange, Lemon
and Citron Peels.

New Spices and Extracts, pure and good.

The best 25c Tea in town. Try us

FRANK H. PERRY.

The only nickle tea and coffee pots, with gold handles, try them at BOYLE & SON.

When wanting your old cutter or carriage to be made like new take it to H. B. McCabe at Webster & Boyes' old stand.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Cresolent tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

The Napanee Comedy Co. presented their Minstrel Show at Naylor's opera house, Deseronto, Tuesday evening. The attendance was small.

All kinds of Breakfast Foods in stock. Try Wheat Vigor, the new food for sale at GREY LION GROCERY.

Monday night next in Nomination meeting. The time for receiving nominations commence at 7.30 p. m. and close at 8.30 p. m., after which speech making will be in order.

Ladies' Hand Bags

in the latest styles.

Mission of Ernestown.

Services for Christmas Day, Odesa. Matins, 10 a. m.; Holy Communion, 10.30 a. m.

Hawley, 3 p. m. Sunday, Jan. 1st 1905; Holy Communion, 10 a. m.

Thorpe, 3 p. m. Odesa, 7 p. m.

Rural Dean Dibb desires to thank the good people of Hawley for a fine load of oats. This kindness is much appreciated. Special thanks are due to Messrs John Elliott and H. Simonds for collecting and delivering the same.

Capt. James Pappa died in Oswego Sunday night, after an illness of several months. He was born in Bath in 1830.

Sweedish chimes, body straps, back straps, shaft gongs, all kinds sleigh bells at BOYLE & SON.

Just What Education Is.

In a composition upon "Education" a boy once wrote, "Education is going to school, which is being marked every day and examined on paper and then promoted, and if you are a girl you graduate and have flowers, but if you are a boy you don't have flowers; you only go to college." A somewhat unique, deplorable, but comprehensive definition.

Handy to Have Around.

"You don't mind my leaving so many of these bills, do you?" said the collector, with a touch of sarcasm.

"No, indeed," replied the woman in the door. "We rather like it. The children do their examples on the backs of them."

A man never learns how to make his own coffee when he lives at home and his mother has headache, but after he marries he learns.—Aitchison Globe.

Bone Cutter for Sale.

Good as new, will sell for half price Apply to M. H. FRALICK, South Napanee

Lost.

On centre street, a left hand pair of shears. Finder will please leave same at this office.

East End Barber Shop.

is the best place in town for a first-class shave or an up-to-date hair cut. We also carry a good stock of cigars and cigarettes. We aim to please our customers. Give us a call. J. N. OSBORNE Prop.

Agent for illustrated Buffalo Times.

The New Paisley House Barn.

Last week Mr. W. J. Jewell completed, what is one of the finest barns in the country for the Paisley House. The walls are built of pressed cement blocks, made by a new process, and pointed red, making a warm building, with handsome exterior, the interior fittings are all of hard wood the floor of cement, and an iron roof.

Died at 97 years.

Royal Hotel Block.

F. S. Scott's shop strictly up-to-date in every respect. A call solicited.

Fancy Clocks.

In silver, porcelain, and gold. Suitable gifts for a lady or gentleman.

SMITH'S JEWELLERY STORE.

Shingles.

Save money and buy your shingles while good sleighing lasts. We are offering \$1.25 shingles for \$1.00, \$1.50 shingles for \$1.25, \$2.25 shingles for \$2.00 and clear shingles for \$3.00. The best value in town at WALES' GREY LION STORES.

Offered a Stroke.

Thursday afternoon of last week Mr. Samuel Jaynes suffered a stroke of paralysis. The left side of his body is completely paralysed. Mr. Jaynes is a man pretty well advanced in years, being 78 years old today (Friday.) His condition is slightly improved since his affliction.

Curling.

The President vs. Vice President curling match will be played on Monday next, 26th inst., morning, afternoon, and evening, as follows: Morning 9.30—President vs Vice President.

Afternoon 2.30—Leonard vs Smith, Maybee vs Bellhouse.

Evening 7.30—Bustin vs Symington. Ham vs Winner of morning game.

Camden East.

The annual Xmas Tree and Entertainment, given under the auspices of the Sunday School of St. Luke's church, Camden East, will be held in Hinch's Hall, Friday Dec. 30th. Admission, Adults 25 cents; Children 15 cents. Come and have a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The Rev. C. E. S. Radcliffe begs to thank Mr. John Robinson for bringing one load of hay to the Rectory and also Mr. Robert Jones for a load of new hay.

A Watch for All.

Just received a large shipment of Xmas watches. The most artistic designs ever produced. Movements specially made for us at Waltham factory.

SMITH'S JEWELLERY STORE.

Matrimony.

The marriage of Miss Dollie Hawley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hawley, to Mr. George Hill Perry, of Napanee, took place on Thursday evening, Dec. 15th, at the home of the bride's parents, Newburgh Road. Rev. W. H. Emsley officiated. The bride who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white organdie, trimmed with lace. Miss Hawley attended the bride and little Jessie Hawley acted as flower girl, both being gowned in organdie. Mrs. S. W. Hawley played the wedding march as the bridal party entered the room. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful gold watch.

Up to Dec. 3rd, 3 bottles of Wahoo for one dollar at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

What nicer present for Xmas than a lovely gold watch and chain in case. Our great values will surprise you.

F. CHINNECK'S.

The store of quality.

Church Notices.

Xmas and New Year's Day Services—Parish of Selby.

Xmas Day, Strathcona, Holy Communion sermon at 10.30 a. m.

Kingsford, at 3 p. m., Evensong and sermon.

Selby, at 7 p. m. Evensong and sermon.

New Year's Day Services at the hours given on the service cards.

A special service for children will be held on New Year's Day, at 3 p. m., in St. John's church, Selby. The result of the S. S. Examinations will be announced and rewards given. All welcome.

The churches in the parishes are being decorated for Christmas, and special music prepared.

The Rev. T. F. Dowdell tenders his best thanks to the good people of Kingsford church for their generous gifts of grain, vegetables, meat, fruit, and butter, and especially to the Wardens, Messrs. McMath and Provins, for bringing the same to the Rectory.

Buy your boy or girl a lovely watch with one of our celebrated Regina movements

line is more popular than ever this Xmas.
F. W. SMITH & BRO.
Headquarters for Xmas gifts.

Xmas

Bon Bons
Cakes
Novelties

A fancy box of our Webb Chocolates will make your best girl happy.

Our Christmas and Wedding Cakes are the highest quality at lowest prices.

Oysters and Hot Drinks served in the best styles, at

GARRAT'S.

Before Deciding

on your Xmas presents be sure and inspect F. Chinneck's stock of

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Fine China and Jewellery.

We pride ourselves on our good quality and judicious buying.

Always pleased to show our goods.

Sole Agents for the celebrated Regina Precision Watches.

F. Chinneck,
The Store of Quality.

EXTRA SPECIAL VALUES
IN
OVERCOATS

AND

PEA COATS

for two weeks beginning

SATURDAY, NOV. 5

At Lazier's

Lonsdale Woolen Mills.

Grange Block,

Smith's Old Jewellery Stand.

Holy Communion, 10 a. m.
Thorpe, 3 p. m.
Odessa, 7 p. m.
Rural Dean Dibb desires to thank the good people of Hawley for a fine load of oats. This kindness is much appreciated. Special thanks are due to Messrs John Elliott and H. Simonds for collecting and delivering the same.

Stationery

a fine Christmas assortment.

An Appropriate Gift.

Ever thoughtful for the welfare of the people generally Mayor Madole has kindly given a cartload of wood to the poor of the town, to be distributed through the Poor and Sanitary Committee of the council. Mr. H. Meng who is chairman of the above committee, considers the gift in the nature of a God-send, as he has found it quite difficult to procure wood for distribution, not only because of its scarcity, but because of the exceedingly high price asked for it.

Perfumes

in dainty packages.

A. S. Kimmerly will sell Five Roses Flour \$2.80 per 100, Nonesuch Flour \$2.50 per 100. Cream of the west \$2.60; Bran \$16.75 per ton, 85c per 100; 50 lb sack fine salt 40c, Windsor salt \$1.30 per bbl; Buckwheat Flour, \$2.25 per 100; Fresh Corn meal \$1.50 per 100; 10 lbs. Rolled oats 25c; 10 lbs. sulphur 25c; Shorts \$1.00 per 100; Gluten meal \$1.20 per 100. Clover and Timothy Seed wanted.

Ebony Goods

Hand Mirrors, Brushes, etc.

The New College.

In the establishment of the Frontenac Business College we have a school of modern methods of which Kingston and the surrounding country may well feel proud. It is being established upon a permanent basis, and in affiliation with the largest and most influential of all the business training colleges in Canada we may expect it to become a counterpart of it and in due course to occupy as proud a position among the schools of eastern Canada as does the well known Central Business College of Toronto among all such schools throughout the whole Dominion. From January 3rd we expect to find a large and enthusiastic attendance of students in this new College.

Lowney's Chocolate Bon Bons

in Handsome Christmas packages.

Harstn's Famous Pictures.

The Briscoe Opera House, two nights and Saturday matinee, Dec. 23rd and 24th, and the subjects which will be portrayed from the most notable collection of moving pictures in existence. The Harstn Moving Picture Company which will present them gained the reputation last season of surpassing any organization in the same line of attractions and this season the views are said to be even better. Among the more notable scenes are the following: "The General Slocum Disaster," "The Pioneers" or the Massacre by the Indian; "Tracked by Bloodhounds, or a Lynching at Cripple Creek;" "Fighting the Flames," the great fire show of Coney Island; "Driven from Home;" "Richard Wagner's Festival Music Drama "Parsifal;" "Why Patsy left School;" "The Gates of Justice;" "A Happy Tramp;" "The Lost Child;" "The Escaped Lunatic" and 50 others. All these are shown for the first time and are thrillingly realistic. There are many others too numerous to mention and also many highly amusing comedy scenes. Beautifully illustrated songs are another feature, sung by Frank E. Lee, a noted baritone from Keith's circuit.

Special Prices for this engagement. Night, 10c, 25c, 30c. Matinee, Saturday at 2 p. m., 10c, children 5c.

—at—

THE MEDICAL HALL,
Fred L. Hooper.

The New Paisley House Barn.

Last week Mr. W. J. Jewell completed, what is one of the finest barns in the country for the Paisley House. The walls are built of pressed cement blocks, made by a new process, and pointed red, making a warm building, with handsome exterior, the interior fittings are all of hard wood the floor of cement, and an iron roof.

Died at 97 years.

Thursday of last week Mrs. Elias Wagar passed peacefully away at the ripe old age of ninety-seven years. Her exit from this life into the Great Beyond was most peaceful, death being caused by extreme old age. She was the mother of Mr. Alf. Wagar, of Napanee Thomas and John, of Watertown. Mrs. Tooker, of Gloversville, N. Y. and Mrs. Sommerville, of Odessa, are daughters of deceased. The funeral took place Sunday.

Don't forget to drop in and have a look around in F. Chinneck's Jewellery store before you buy Xmas presents. The finest quality and reasonable prices are our mottoes.

F. CHINNECK'S JEWELRY STORE

Christmas Entertainment.

The services in the Western Methodist Church, on Christmas Day, will be very inspiring. The young people of the school will furnish the music morning and evening.

On Monday, Dec. 26th, an excellent programme will be given by the School, consisting of recitations, exercises, Cantata music, vocal and instrumental. A very fine evening may be expected. 524-1

A lovely ring makes a most acceptable Xmas gift for a young lady.

F. CHINNECK'S. The store of quality.

Close's Mills closed for custom grinding until a thaw, or further notice.

J. A. CLOSE.

The Best Dollar Xmas Gift.

One of the very best Christmas gifts and one that will be appreciated by all during 1905 is a year's subscription to the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal. It costs but a dollar a year and includes the lovely premium picture entitled "The Princess at Work." The publishers of that great Weekly are planning to give its readers bigger value than ever during 1905. A dollar cannot be better spent. It is said the staff of clerks employed in the Family Herald office entering up names alone of new subscribers is greater in number than the whole staff of any five papers in Canada.

FOR SALE.

Close's Mills for sale at a bargain, on account of ill health. J. A. CLOSE.



CHOOSE,

The easy way to choose a suit is to come where the greatest variety of styles abound and that place is here. The more particular you are about your clothes the more you will enjoy looking at these master pieces of the tailor's art. Every detail in cut, make and trimmings shows plainly the excellence of our

CLOTHING

Our prices will at once convince you that we are a fair house to do business with. We begin the good work at \$3.50 for a splendid Tweed Suit, and give you lots of chances for suit satisfaction before we quit at \$15.00.

We invite you to inspect our stock, now as we are selling at greatly reduced prices.

C. A. GRAHAM & CO.

prepared.

The Rev. T. F. Dowdall tenders his best thanks to the good people of Kingsford church for their generous gifts of grain, vegetables, meat, fruit, and butter, and especially to the Wardens, Messrs. McMath and Provins, for bringing the same to the Rectory.

Buy your boy or girl a lovely watch with one of our celebrated Regina movements fitted in it.

F. CHINNECK'S JEWELRY STORE.

Sole agents.

Gas mantles, incandescent gas burners, the new ones just in from New York, high grade mantels. BOYLE & SON.

A Peculiar Experience.

MYRES CAVE, Dec. 14th, 1904.

Mr. T. D. Perry, while hunting on the 14th of November, met with an experience which he will not forget very soon. He had been on business across the mountain and on returning home took a short cut. In doing so it was necessary for him to cross the Mississippi River. When he came to the water he found that the ice had formed a thin sheet, above and below the ford. Mr. Perry being an experienced river driver, soon constructed a raft out of some drift wood which he found along the shore, and it was not long before he had started on his journey across, and when he had reached the middle of the river, hearing a noise on the opposite side of the river he saw a large buck coming straight toward him. It did not take long to discover that he was wounded, and in a great rage, and made straight for Mr. Perry. Tom, not so easily frightened, jumped off the raft and kept it between him and the deer. After a good deal of pushing things around Tom soon settled his charger with a ball from his trusty rifle. Some men who were working on the East Star Gold mining buildings came to his help, but too late to be of any assistance. Mr. Perry experienced a good cold water bath and calls it all good sport.

Brass coal hods, fire sets, bath room fixtures, new goods, and correct line.

BOYLE & SON.

Famous I. Rodgers silverware, the best goods on the market from our own personal test.

F. CHINNECK'S.

The store of quality.

Pleasant Event near Selby.

The quiet home of Irvine S. Jackson, near Selby, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday, Dec. 15th, when their youngest daughter Lizzie was given in marriage to Mr. Wilbert Winters, of Empey Hill. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Richard Duke, of Selby, in the presence of over ninety guests. Promptly when the minute hand pointed 7.30 p.m. the strains of sweet music was heard, Mrs. T. M. Russell presiding, and while the wedding march was played, two little flower girls appeared, dressed in white from head to toe, which was amazingly charming. They were the daughters of C. H. Spencer, Hoblin and G. W. Jackson, Forest Mills.

Miss Sarah Winters, of Empey Hill, supported the bride, while Mr. Archie Winters, cousin of the groom, was the groom's best man. After the ceremony the guests retired to the spacious dining room and sat down to the table, which was laden with luxuries, the best the season affords. After the inner man was well supplied the guests withdrew to the drawing-rooms and inspected the presents, which were very numerous and costly. The groom's present to the bride was a beautiful gold chain, and also a lovely gold chain to the bridesmaid, and to the little maid of honour each a gold pin. After an evening of social intercourse and pleasant greeting, the older ones being reminded of years to come, the hours soon fled and after the departure of the bride and groom, the happy company dispersed, all vying in a pleasant event. Mr. and Mrs. Winters will reside in the future at their home Empey Hill.

"LAST MINUTE" "PERPLEXITY"

If you've waited till the last minute to think of an appropriate gift and are puzzled what to select, you surely can solve your Xmas propositions by calling at SMITH'S JEWELLERY STORE. Gifts that are beautiful and lasting are ones that will most please your family and friends. Smith's are leading this Xmas with the choicest goods the world produces. We are here to show the goods you're urged to buy. Everybody welcome at SMITH'S.

LININGS
AND
TRIMMINGS,

The Life of
A SUIT.

We use nothing but
THE BEST.

JAS. WALTERS,

Merchant Tailor,
Napanee.

Next J. J. Haines' Shoe Store.

NAPANEE.

MADILL BROS.

NAPANEE.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To Our Many Customers.

Madill Bros. a household word for Holiday Goods, Saturday last being a record-breaker, make Saturday the 24th more so. Extensive preparations have already been made, and every department is again replenished with consignments of

New Belts, New Collars, New Wrist Bags, New Handkerchiefs, New Ribbons, New Spide Belt Buckles, New Wool Cashmere, and Kid Gloves New Hose Supporters.	New Furs, New Wool and Silk Waistings, New Silk for Shirt Waist Suits, New Table Linens, New Dollies, New Tray Cloths, New Satin Laine Waistings,	New Curtain Nets, New Bobbenet Curtains, New Lace Curtains, New Tapestry Curtains, New Chenelle Curtains, New Door Bonne Femme and Pannels.
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Cut Glass.
One solid case of the finest American, all hand cut glass. Hundreds of pieces, specially selected for Xmas gifts.
F. W. SMITH & BRO.

This Is Genuine.
From now until Christmas eve every article of Fancy goods, Prize books, Christmas cards, Calendars, Toys, Toy Books, Dolls in fact, everything in that line, will be offered at HENRY'S BOOKSTORE AT COST PRICE. Examine the goods, and prices before you purchase.

NEWBURGH

The concert in Finkle's hall was a great success. The ladies of St. John's church have always been noted for their first-class concerts and that of Wednesday evening was fully as good as former efforts. Part of the programme was contributed by Napanee talent. The opening number, an Indian drill in costume was well done and earned a well deserved encore. D. J. McLennan's solo, "When the Wind Sighs In The West," so pleased the crowd that an encore was demanded. Bruce Williams' negro work was well done, and he captured the crowd when he sang "It's a Habit I Never Had." Later in the evening Mr. McLennan in the make-up of an Irishman and "Iky" indulged in a comedy skit in which the former introduced some fine dancing. Mrs. Burrftt, of Napanee, made her initial bow to a Newburgh audience. Her magnificent voice was heard to great advantage in two solos. One of the important features of the bill was a farce, "My Turn Next," put on by local talent. All did their work well and were enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Millar contributed one of his popular mandolin solos. The concluding number, a drill, "Looking Backward," proved one of the hits of the evening. Rev. F. T. Dibb, of Napanee, proved a very efficient chairman. Among those present from a distance were noticed: Mrs. Burrftt, Miss Prun, Miss Madden, Miss Williams, Miss Smith, Mrs. McNaughton, Miss Florence Hall, Miss Grange, Miss Luella Hall, Miss Hardy, Rev. F. T. Dibb, J. Madill, Bruce Williams, D. J. McLennan, Frank Henwood, Mr. Pitcher. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Lapum, Arthur Fraser, Napanee; E. Price, Miss Lucy Hinch, Miss Lena Hinch, Miss Inez Price, Miss Hazel Price, Hinch P.O.; Miss Hamilton and Melbourne Lowe, Enterprise; Miss Edna Hinch, Centreville; Mrs. Dunlop, Miss Dunlop, Miss Emley, Miss Madden, Roy Pybus, Robert Pybus, Strathcona; Mr. and Miss Emberly, Yarker; Miss Hamilton and Elgin McWilliams, Camden East.

Rev. W. H. Thomson, of the "Sco," a brother of Mrs. Rev. Meares, will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

A number from the village attended the liberal convention at Yarker on Saturday.

Miss Lena Madden spent Sunday and Monday of last week with Mrs. P. W. Brown, Sydenham.

Special for Christmas Saturday.

10 Dozen Ladies' Komonas, very nicely made, assorted styles and patterns. Regular wholesale price is 87½ each.

SATURDAY MORNING, at 9 o'clock, **49c. each.**

3 Dozen only, Fringed Drawn Work Tray Cloths, fine quality.

SATURDAY MORNING, **15c. each.**

2 Dozen only, Pure Linen Sideboard Scarfs, full length.

SATURDAY MORNING, **23c. each.**

Visit Our Store on Saturday, and Enjoy Our Special Christmas Display.

—SATURDAY EVENING—

Rev. W. H. Thomson, of the 300, a brother of Mrs. Rev. Mears, will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

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F. G. Millar spent Sunday in Yarker.

The Methodist Sunday school are practicing for their annual entertainment on Friday evening.

D. A. Nesbitt, B.A., was in Napanee last week presiding at the model school examinations.

The public library is to be removed next week to the upper part of Ryan's new store.

W. E. Patterson, of Queen's University, arrived on Thursday to spend his holidays at his home here. J. R. Sharpe spent Sunday at his home in Belleville.

The literary society of the high school, held a very successful event on Friday afternoon. The chief feature was a debate "Resolved that the pen is Mightier than the Sword," in which the negative won out after a very exciting criticism of both sides of the subject.

Mr. McKeister is moving into M. W. Simpkin's house.

A large number of deer skins have been brought to J. W. Courtney, local tanner, to be tanned.

Hanging lamps, stand lamps, all kinds of lamps, and lamp goods, chimneys, wicks, burners, all at close prices, BOYLE & SON.

The first thought
in Sickness
whether trifling
or serious, is the

DOCTOR

"The Second
Thought should
be"

WALLACE'S
DRUG STORE.

—SATURDAY EVENING— IN OUR LINEN SECTION.

A display of beautiful Linens will be on exhibition at 7.30 p.m., including Doilies in many styles, Tray Cloths, 5 o'clock Cloths, Side Board Scarfs, Carving Cloths, Shams, Napkins and Table Linens.

Store Closed on Monday, December 26th.

Open on Tuesday Morning, at 8 a. m.

NAPANEE'S MOST MODERN STORE.

Sleigh Bells, Cutter Bells, team bells, Axes, Saws, Dog Collars, Mitts. We have Extra values, BOYLE & SON.

The Xmas display at Wallace's Drug Store includes the World's best makes of Perfumes, Lowney's Chocolates and Bon Bons, Hair Brushes, the latest thing in a Safety Razor, Shaving Cups, Shaving Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Military Brushes, Clothes Brushes, and a fine line of Stationery from the Eaton-Hurlbut people and Gage of Toronto at prices to suit all.

T. B. WALLACE.

A parcel of gorgeous Royal Vienna ware just in.

F. CHINNECK'S JEWELRY STORE.

Chamois Vests and Chamois to make Vests at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

A Treat for the People of Napanee.

On Tuesday, January 3rd., to Saturday Jan. 14th, Jas. Gilmour Langley will be at the Campbell House with his celebrated Electric Belt. This is a new invention and entirely eclipses any of the so called Electric Belts that have been on the market for sometime. Every one is invited to call at the Campbell House and see this wonderful appliance. If you wish, you will be given a trial treatment entirely free of charge. Although this Great Belt has only been out a short time, Mr. Langley has already done wonders and by the use of his appliance has effected marvellous cures. Remember the date, Jan. 3rd, and be sure and call to see this New Style Belt by so doing Mr. Langley will prove to you that what he says he can do, he will. Ask for J. Gilmour Langley at the Campbell House.

Xmas is Near.

and we are to be found in the Old Stand with a full stock in all departments such as never before, and will be offered cheaper than ever, we have many things to cheer in every line and so numerous that our space won't permit us to enumerate. For the next (2) weeks we will sell 10 bars Judd Soap and one pkg of Naptha Washing Powder for 25c.

THE COXALL CO.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought



Canada for
the Canadians

at the New Shoe Store

The Victoria Shoe

Warranted for Ladies.

THE ALBERT SHOE,

Warranted for Men.

Grace and Comfort for all.

T. F. RUTTAN,

J. C. HAWLEY, Manager.

PROP.

Rings,
Rings.

Buy the RING this
XMAS.

You know it is the gift most
appreciated.

We import our immense
stock of DIAMONDS and have
had them specially set up for

Xmas Trade.

Also every other precious
stone set in the latest style.
You will be impressed if you
inspect our stock.

F. W. SMITH & BRO.

Ants and Bees Display an Extraordinary Sense of Duty.

There are insects, mostly parasitic, which, like some men, only desire to eat and drink, but among the social insects, such as ants and bees, there is a high development of moral qualities, to which Haeckel goes the length of applying the term "soul life," to distinguish them from mere instinct.

Thus patriotism is obviously a virtue among ants, for if an ant hill is disturbed the inmates never attempt to escape from danger, but apply themselves immediately to rescue the lives and property of the community as a whole. Respect for law and order is also very strongly marked in some communities of ants, which include soldiers and workers, peasants and artisans, governors and slaves.

Bees have an extraordinary sense of duty. Huber noted relays of them supporting a fragment of comb which

unthreatened to fall without one single bee flinching or leaving its post until relieved by another. Loyalty to the queen is another distinct moral quality.

The Mountain Monarch.

Unlike the Jungfrau, the Rigi or other European mountains, including Vesuvius, which have been conquered by the modern engineers and now wear the harness of a railway to or near their summits, Mont Blanc is an absolute monarch, and no mortal may set the limit of its reign. The Goths and Vandals of old, the armies, the tourists of today or tomorrow may pour down through the Alpine defiles, but Mont Blanc through all such changes is monarch still, its snow capped peaks rising far above all else and the avalanches down its sides, more to be feared than any of its other dangers, defying the skill and courage of many a climber. S. E. Hilles in Harper's Weekly.